Malcolm Muggeridge on Randolph Churchill

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Mr. Krushchev at the Dinner Table

NOBODY should reproach the Labour leadership for its determination to voice the party's concern about the fate of Social Democrats in east Europe. This issue is fundamental to relations between Communists and Socialists everywhere. It is, after all, the Russians who have raised the question of organisational contacts between their party and the British Labour Party; and they must be made to realise that the treatment of Social Democrats is a matter of vital interest to us, and also that the right of opposition groups to organise themselves for legitimate political activity is an integral part of the western concept of Socialism. While this obstacle remains, a Socialist communion between the Labour Party and the Communists is impossible.

Having said this, however, one must deplore the way in which the dinner party turned out. First, there was the grossly ill-mannered and provocative behaviour of at least one Labour front-bencher. Secondly, neither Mr. Gaitskell nor the chairman of the party seems to have made much of a shot at stopping the row; surely normal courtesies were the prerequisite to useful discussion. Thirdly, Mr. Gaitskell, who is said to have expressed himself very courteously in making his point about the Social Democrats, nonetheless made an error of judgment in trying, so publicly, to thrust on Mr. Krushchev a detailed list of victims and in his general assumption that the Russian leaders could accept responsibility for what goes on in the satellite countries. However close may be Russia's overriding control since the fall of Beria, it is obvious that, in terms of protocol, Mr. Krushchev could not possibly allow himself to be manœuvred into admitting it on a semi-public occasion. The net result of it all is that a meeting which might have led to a constructive exchange of views led in fact only to rancour and benefited only those who desire to make the worst of Anglo-Soviet relations.

The other important issue raised at the dinner was Germany. All the world now knows how Mr. Krushchev defended the Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939 and reminded his audience that western persistence in rearming West Germany and seeking to integrate it into Nato could lead to a similar deal with Germany in the near future. No doubt there was in this blunt warning an element of threat: "come to terms with us or you'll regret it." But the real question is whether the analysis was correct. Nobody in the West can be expected to applaud the Nazi-Soviet pact; but it is not difficult to follow the arguments by which, on Soviet assumptions, it can be justified as the proper retort to Munich: it is at least understandable that the U.S.S.R. and other members of the Warsaw Pact are still haunted by the fear of a remilitarised and *revanchiste* Germany; and it is a fact—as this journal has consistently pointed out—that western diplomacy has progressively dissipated its power to exercise a decisive political influence over Germany and has ignored its opportunities to enter into any arrangement with the Russians to tackle the German problem in collaboration.

Mr. Krushchev's analysis seems, in fact, to have been substantially correct, however unpalatable; and he may be as justly praised for his candour as condemned for his threats. Moreover, we believe on other grounds that it is impossible to dismiss his warning merely as the hectoring of a bully. For it contained a rider. There is yet time, he said in effect, for us to agree together: if Russia, Britain, France, Czechoslovakia and Poland could come to an understanding (and especially if the U.S. were to be included) a free and united Germany would threaten nobody. This is a reversion to the idea of a European security pact—hitherto always turned down out of hand by the West.

The real moral of this part of Mr. Krushchev's speech is surely that for the future, before we turn down out of hand Soviet proposals about European security, we should do well to stop and consider whether we have anything better—in our own long-term interests—to propose in their place.

Comments on the Week's News

Ferment in Eastern Europe

Each of the Communist regimes is reacting to the new line in a different way and at a different pace. In Poland, where some ministers have been dismissed, the change seems to be going farther and faster than elsewhere. Even the rehabilitation of the Home Army and a sweeping amnesty are probably less important than the ferment of opinion, expressed in remarkably outspoken speeches at recent congresses of writers and other intellectual groups, in articles and radio broadcasts, and in the attempt to make the Polish parliament a genuine forum for controversial debate with a measure of control over the government's actions. In Hungary, however, the party leadership seems to be resisting considerable pressure from below—it has denounced attempts to turn "self-criticism" into "attacks on the party", and Rakosi is clearly struggling against some form of faction led by Ferenc Nagy. There is less information about Rumania, where the party hierarchy has made almost no concession either to the new policy or to public feeling: its suppression of criticism in the past has been so ruthless that it now has very little room for manœuvre. Across the Danube, however, the Bulgarian central committee has finally induced Premier Chervenkov to resign—a decision that seems to have been taken in principle last autumn but accepted only reluctantly by Chervenkov himself. The statement of the Bulgarian party in fact changes very little: the new line has been steadily developed ever since Mr. Krushchev visited Sofia last year on his return from Belgrade, and the latest resolution is merely a reaffirmation—timed to justify Chervenkov's dismissal—of a policy that is already being applied. Some time before Traicho Kostov was officially "rehabilitated," certain of his friends and colleagues had been restored to important positions and steps had been taken to restore party democracy and "Socialist legality". Finally, in Prague, the party leadership seems to be holding back in much the same way as Rakosi is doing in Hungary, and Premier Siroky has publicly refused to "rehabilitate" Slansky. Perhaps he should look more carefully at the latest Soviet pronouncement, which condemns the methods used by Vyshinsky to secure false confessions.

Uncertainty in Washington

When, on Monday, Mr. Dulles said that the "greater acceptability" of the Soviet leaders now gave them "more chance of mischief," he expressed the suspicions and uncertainty which the new Soviet policy has aroused in Washington. In the cold war, the U.S. at least knew what it was trying to do. But, since the summit conference at Geneva, the Administration has been facing both ways. The President wants to claim credit for the milder diplomatic climate: that is why he uses such phrases as "cautious hope," and suggests that it is the strength of the West that has made the cold war unprofitable for Moscow. At the same time, both he and Mr. Dulles have to prop up the tottering fabric of Nato, because they are under fire from some Democrats for weakness towards Soviet Russia and for failing to strengthen the Nato alliance. The critics of the Administration, as a matter of fact, are as confused as the President and Mr. Dulles. Mr. Harriman and Senator Kefauver, for instance, both berate the President for failing to build up Nato. Mr. Stevenson, however, says that the U.S. is losing the military and political advantage to Communism because its foreign policy is nothing more than "a balance of terror." In his speech last Saturday, he made an attempt to find a way out of the impasse. Speaking, perhaps, less as a potential candidate than as a statesman—a role he has played before, and one that may help the President if it evokes a popular response—he proposed that the U.S. should suspend further tests of the hydrogen bomb, and that American aid should be distributed increasingly through the agency of the United Nations. In this way, as he rightly remarked, economic aid might be removed from the arena of the cold war. This conception is in advance of that put forward by Mr. Dulles on Monday, when he suggested that Nato should be made a positive force by using it for "more economic development." It is true that Mr. Stevenson—like Mr. Dulles—is still thinking of how to win the cold war. The next stage in his thinking, however, must be to ask whether the U.S. is ready to make a much more far-reaching revision of its present policies.

Dealing with Colonel Nasser

The Soviet statement on the Middle East has been accepted at its face value in Arab capitals. In Beirut and Damascus the statement is regarded as a diplomatic rebuff for Colonel Nasser, illustrating the essential weakness of his policy of exploiting the differences between the great powers. The Teheran meeting, which marked American entry into the Baghdad Pact in all but name, also came as a shock to Cairo; and it is now admitted that Colonel Nasser, despite his initial success in breaking British control of the Arab Legion, has failed to dislodge Jordan from her neutral position. With diplomatic progress to the north barred, Nasser is now switching his attentions to the south. The signature, last week, of the Egypt-Saudi-Yemen military pact marks the end of the first phase of a planned offensive against British positions in Arabia and the Persian Gulf. Yemen has recently made territorial claims to the hinterland of British Aden, and the military advisers and supplies she will receive under the pact will doubtless be used to press her claims more directly. For some time the Aden government has been concerned both by industrial unrest in the territory—believed to be Egyptian-inspired—and by anti-British activity among the interior tribes. The government's recent action in holding talks with tribal leaders—who, in the past, have been treated with scant consideration—is therefore to be welcomed; so, also, would be a thorough examination of labour and trades union legislation in the Protectorate, with a view to bringing it into line with British practice. Here, as elsewhere, Britain must reconcile itself to the fact that Egypt will exploit anti-British feeling wherever it exists, and the way to counteract such activities is not to bring pressure on Cairo but to remove genuine grievances by abandoning outdated paternalist methods.

Dr. Fisher's Wise Words

Since the deportation of Archbishop Makarios, over six weeks ago, the government has failed to take a single step towards solving the Cyprus deadlock, beyond intensifying its anti-terrorist campaign. Here, some successes have been won; but their effect, paradoxically, has been to reduce the already slender chances of a negotiated settlement. The terrorists, frustrated in their attacks on British troops, have increasingly turned against moderate Cypriots believed to favour a peaceful solution. The result, as the Archbishop of Canterbury said in his address to the British Council of Churches, has been disastrous. "I have direct evidence," he said, "that every delay decreases the number of moderates and decreases the likelihood that the government will find any Cypriot to take the place of Archbishop Makarios as spokesman for his fellow countrymen." Dr. Fisher strongly criticised the government for its inactivity, and demanded positive action along the lines of the suggestions he made in the House of Lords debate; if it was premature to resume negotiations, he added, at least a start could be made by drafting a constitution. We welcome Dr. Fisher's speech; as we pointed out at the time, it was idle to think that the deportation would enable a more moderate leader to emerge, and his speech is a sign that influential opinion is beginning to recognise the fact. However, as we also pointed out, the decision to deport Makarios was not taken on the merits of the case, but in order to silence criticism of Sir Anthony Eden among Tory diehards. It remains true, therefore, that negotiations—with or without Makarios—will not begin until Sir Anthony feels strong enough to preside over another "surrender."

More Capital for Coal

The proposed increase in the Coal Board's borrowing powers under a bill introduced this week may seem an odd sequel to the loud noises about cutting capital expenditure on the nationalised industries that were being heard only a week ago. There is, however, nothing at all surprising in the Board's need for additional money. The cost of colliery reconstruction has risen sharply since the National Plan for Coal was drawn up in 1949. That plan was estimated at the time to call for an investment of £635 millions between 1950 and 1965, and under the amending Act of 1951 the Board was empowered to borrow up to £300 millions, most of which has already been invested. In the meantime costs have risen sharply: it is estimated that this factor alone means an increase of about £300 millions in the total cost of the plan. But, apart from this, there was some underestimation of the costs of reconstruction under the original plan; and recent technical advances, while promising better results in the long run, also swell the prospective cost. The Board now estimates its necessary capital investment at no less than £1,350 millions in all at current prices—and of course at still more if costs continue to rise. It has also seen reason to scale up considerably its estimate of the manpower likely to be needed when the investment is complete—from 618,000 to 672,000 mineworkers in 1965, with a target output of 240 million tons as against 209 millions in 1949. These estimates include provision for the thorough modernisation of about half the 500 major collieries now at work, for the sinking of 20 new pits, and for 50 new opencast workings. Mr. James Bowman, the Board's new chairman, in speaking of the revised plan, admitted that progress had been a long way behind schedule since 1950, but expressed the belief that the new proposals are much more realistic than the original plan. In 1949 the time needed for major reconstructions and the loss of output while they were in progress were both seriously underestimated. Mr. Bowman believes that the Board, profiting by its unfortunate experiences, is now able to make a much better forecast. Let us hope it is. Assuredly, the country cannot afford to starve the coal industry of any amount of capital it needs in order to raise total output to a level adequate to meet the growing demand.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Bonn

The Reluctant Jackboots

Our Bonn Correspondent writes: The next West German elections are 18 months away, but already they are dominating the politics of Bonn. Since the government coalition broke up, there has been a feeling of impending change in the air. The atmosphere is that of an American "political year." All parties have their eyes on September, 1957. Every diplomatic problem is viewed from the electoral aspect. Hence the rare unanimity with which the Bundestag decided last week to cut the income tax, to the despair of the Minister of Finance, Herr Schäffer, who countered with a threat of resignation. Tax cutting is obviously good electoral politics. Hence also the continuing uncertainty which hangs over the conscription bill. Dr. Adenauer wants to have the conscription law in hand when he goes to Washington in June, so as to prove that, whatever other countries may be doing, West Germany sticks to the "policy of strength." But his own party is, for once, reluctant to do his bidding. Even if the bill were passed this summer, no conscript could be called up before the autumn of 1957 at the earliest; there will be no cadres to train them and no barracks to house them before that time. This means that conscription might easily become the dominating electoral issue. The three opposition parties are now all against it, and the Social Democrat spokesman has said that if this government should introduce conscription, the next one can still abolish it. The Christian Democrats, Dr. Adenauer's party, do not like the prospect of entering the election campaign as the only party of conscription. Perhaps Dr. Adenauer will rally them once more; but if they go along they will do so with grumbles and foreboding.

The trouble from their point of view is not only that conscription is desperately unpopular. There are all kinds of good political and military arguments against it, at any rate at the present moment. Politically it seems unwise to rush in conscription before it is clearer what will come out of the disarmament talks in London, not to speak of the new increase in local tension that would follow if East Germany countered with a conscription law of its own. Militarily, it seems certain that hurried conscription will mean a low quality army. At present, even the professional cadres of the West German forces mostly exist on paper only. By the autumn of 1957 they will have had, at best, about one year's training—far too little to qualify them as professional instructors of a mass of conscripts. The best military opinion in West Germany holds that it takes a minimum of four years for a professional army to mature to the point where it can safely be diluted with conscripts. That would make 1960, not 1957, the first year in which conscription in West Germany could be of any military value.

Against all this, there is only the argument that West Germany is obliged by treaty to raise a 500,000 man army at once. But is it? The government itself seems to be in two minds. Herr Blank, the Defence Minister, says that such an obligation exists; Herr von Brentano, the Foreign Minister, says that the figure of 500,000 is only a maximum limit, not a fixed obligation. Apparently the obligation to which Herr Blank refers was laid down in a secret annex of the defunct E.D.C. treaty and was still referred to in the London protocol of September, 1954; but somehow it seems to have failed to find its way into the final Paris Treaties. However that may be, the final word will lie with the West German electorate next year. Till it has spoken, West German rearmament, despite all that has happened and may still happen this year, remains an uncertain quantity.

Madrid

After the Strikes

A Correspondent writes: The government rapidly put an end to the wave of strikes which broke out recently by closing the factories and locking the workers out. Those who took part in the strikes have been told that, if they get their jobs back, they will be taken on as new men, thus forfeiting extra pay due to seniority. But, although the strikes have been stopped, a widespread "go slow" movement has started and the decision, announced this week, to resort to lock-outs here also, show that the government takes a serious view of the situation. Strikes are, of course, illegal in Spain, and there have been none of any importance since 1951. On this occasion, the trouble started in Pamplona and, within a few days, had spread to Barcelona and Bilbao. Estimates of the number of strikers involved vary widely, and, since the government-controlled press made only the briefest mention of the unrest, it is impossible to give an accurate figure. But between 40,000 and 70,000 seems to be generally agreed.

Some observers have been surprised that the workers came out on strike so soon after April 1, when the government increased workers' salaries by 20 per cent. In fact, however, it was the increase itself which partly caused the strikes. To make this clear one has to consider the highly complex structure of wage payments in Spain. In Spain a worker's "salary" is only about half of the money he takes home. A labourer, whose official "salary" is about 500 pesetas a month (less than £5), may be taking home about 2,000 (approximately £18 a month) to a family of five, if he has some years of service behind him. The proportion of "salary" to total earnings seems to vary between about 75 per cent., in the case of a young unmarried man, to about 20 per cent. or even less in the case of an older man with years of service and a large family.

The government increase applied only to the basic "salary." The increase on total earnings has thus worked out, on the average, at about 3 or 4 per cent.—and in many cases, less. (Indeed, in some factories, especially those owned by foreign capital, workers were already being paid above the official "salary," and received no increase at all.) Leaving aside the question of whether this is enough to meet the rise in the cost of living—which it clearly is not—the government made a great psychological error. Speeches by the Minister of Labour, Giron, prior to the announcement, heralded a rise in wages—the Caudillo, as always, was looking after the people. But the size of the increase was unspecified. Even when this was announced it was far from clear that the 20 per cent. would only apply to the basic salaries. After the initial rousing speeches, some attempt was made to clarify the position, but by this time the workers had already had their expectations unduly raised, and in any case the wage position is so complicated that few people could have worked out exactly how they would be affected. It was only when the new wage increase had come into effect that the workers realised exactly how much less they were getting than had been expected. This, and the considerable juggling with words that had gone on, gave them a sense of having been defrauded, which brought to a head their general resentment against the rising cost of living and low wages, and resulted in the strikes. Had the government taken the line of announcing, at the beginning, the real increase, there would probably have been no unrest.

Politically the strikes revealed the strength of Franco's position rather than any sign of its weakening. It was said, at one point, that the strikes would spread to Madrid and the students of Madrid University, licking their wounds after their recent encounters with the Falange, talked about coming out on strike with the workers. Madrid, however, is too well policed for workers' strikes. And any threat that might have existed in further student demonstrations was rapidly quelled by the new Rector of the university, who told the students that any demonstrations on their part would lead to the temporary shutting down of the university.

Algiers

The Men Between

Our Paris Correspondent writes: A most trustworthy source, just back from Algeria, has furnished me with the following report: Is M. Mollet's objective—to master the rebellion by midsummer—realistic or chimerical? There are, as I discovered, no simple answers. M. Mollet's claim that the dispatch of massive reinforcements would mean not more but less bloodshed is, in a sense, true: but only in certain areas. In the parts of Algeria where the rebels were relatively few—and where their successes were due almost entirely to French military weakness—the arrival of fresh troops has had an immediate and profound effect. But in the real centres of the rebellion—the Aurès, the Kabylie mountains and western Oranie—the fighting has intensified, and the French have gained little ground. Despite official reports, French casualties are now running at the rate of 100 *killed* a day, and there is no sign that the offensive—as it can legitimately be called—has succeeded in breaking up the major rebel concentrations.

The real sufferers, in fact, are the Arab civilians. As in Indo-China, villages change hands from day to day, and both sides resort to vicious "reprisals." As a general rule, 90 per cent. of the "rebels" the French claim to have killed are, in fact, civilians, and it is now officially admitted that the government is resorting to bombing of villages in the disaffected areas. The rebels are correspondingly brutal, and both sides exact heavy fines for alleged acts of "disloyalty" on the part of civilians. Some two million Algerians are thus caught between two irreconcilable forces, in an atmosphere of hatred and desperation.

Nobody is satisfied at the way things are going, least of all the military commanders. "Why can't Paris be honest?" they ask. "What we are doing here is fighting a war. Then why not call it a war, and allow us to resort to modern weapons—napalm and so on? Why hamstring us with all these polite fictions about 'restoring law and order preparatory to negotiations'?" As for moderate Arab opinion—it no longer exists. The arrival of Ferhat Abbas in Cairo is significant in this respect. For many years, he and his party, the U.D.M.A., tried desperately to steer a middle course between the corrupt *beni-oui-ouis* and the extremist nationalists. His decision to throw in his lot with Cairo means that even if the French succeed in crushing the rebellion, which few here think likely, there will be no one with whom M. Mollet can negotiate.

Westminster

Abolishing the Death Penalty

The second reading of a bill is straightforward. Members make their speeches on a clear-cut issue and come, through mounting excitement, to the point of decision. And that, for the time being, is that. Of course, the House of Lords may reverse the decision or the government may declare "no race" and send the runners round the course again. Yet there is a feeling of triumph, even of finality, when the bill's supporters see the Clerk hand the voting slip to the tellers *for* the bill. But the course on the committee stage twists this way and that, and is strewn with obstacles, some obvious and some hidden. So there can be no relaxation, no sense of finality or of triumph at any stage until the last.

Sydney Silverman seemed to face even more obstacles than usual when the committee stage of his bill opened on Wednesday. The House had decided that the death penalty for murder should be abolished; but now the anti-abolitionists had put down a series of amendments designed to retain the death penalty in special cases; and the number of these special cases was so great that if they were all excepted the bill would lose its meaning. Indeed it would lose its meaning if any one of several amendments were carried. For example, the debate opened with Mr. Turner Samuels's proposal that the death penalty should be retained "where the jury finds expressly that the killing was a deliberate and calculated act". Mr. Paget said that even under the present law a killing which was not "deliberate and calculated" was not murder but manslaughter, and so escaped the death penalty anyhow. The amendment amounted to a direct negative of the bill in that it virtually kept the law as it stands.

However, Turner Samuels was allowed to proceed and for a time, because a vote on a budget resolution immediately before the debate began had revealed a low Labour attendance, there was more than ordinary danger that he might win—if he spoke shortly. Fortunately he is one of those lawyers who is eager, nay determined, to give advice free and at length. So the Labour absentees had plenty of time to present themselves. Further, it was soon shown that, under his amendment, a mother who out of mercy killed her suffering child would hang, whereas a man who killed a woman in the course of raping her might not. Even so the vote, 226 for the amendment and 246 against, was a near thing. Moreover, this was only the first hurdle. There still remained proposals to delay the operation of the bill until 1960, and one amendment, so widely drawn that under it almost any type of killing would rank for hanging. This last—the Lucas-Tooth amendment—was now what the House had to wait for.

Round this the anti-abolitionists were going to make their main stand and it might be that even the government would have at last to make a stand here, for in previous debates both Lloyd George and Manningham Buller, the Attorney General, had declared that there could not be compromise between abolition and retention. If they stuck to this and opposed the Lucas-Tooth amendment, victory for the abolitionists was certain. But if they hovered, as they have hovered so often, the bill might go down. So while less important amendments were discussed, Members moved restlessly in and out of the Chamber. And in a sense this restlessness persisted through the evening. Since no Minister was in charge of the bill and since Silverman is not one to move the closure on anybody, discussion, even on minor amendments, was lengthy. So the final tests were postponed until another day. But the signs are favourable. That early, shaky majority of 20 was still there at the end and was looking firmer. This bill will go through the Commons intact after all. I think.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Ghana's Birthpangs

In Nairobi, Dar-es-Salaam and Blantyre; in Kitwe, Salisbury and Johannesburg; even in Elisabethville, Beira and Brazzaville, the talk in shanties, in mine compounds and in rondavels has been of Gold Coast liberation. For every African the name of Kwame Nkrumah has been a magic symbol of the ability of the Negro to run his own affairs. The hopes of African nationalism have been centred upon the achievement of Gold Coast independence and the establishment of this Negro state as a member of the Commonwealth. It has become a universal African touchstone—symbolising freedom and equality to the blacks, and, to the whites, dangerous presumption.

We should expect that, before the gaze of these millions of expectant eyes, Gold Coasters would be splendidly conscious of their leading role in this drama. Yet today, in what used to be the gay streets of Kumasi, Action Troopers are patrolling; armoured jeeps creep round corners; houses are shuttered and bolted; and fear stalks as soon as darkness falls. From being a nation self-confidently leading the African continent to freedom, destroying the South African myth of white superiority, the Gold Coast is now profoundly divided, tottering hesitantly towards independence—or chaos.

What has happened since Kwame Nkrumah's victory in 1954 to produce the present crisis? First of all the cocoa price was pegged at a figure which angered some farmers. Then suspicions arose that public money and services were being used to the benefit of the government party. Inevitably, some party members were disappointed at failing to secure candidatures and became disillusioned with the C.P.P. Accusations of nepotism and corruption became widespread. Above all, it was feared that the tribal traditions, the national sensibilities, and the Chiefs' privileges in Ashanti were being affronted. In both Ashanti and the Northern Territories, those who held the old values of tribalism were suddenly confronted with the fact that new, young politicians, whose western ideals often outrage traditional standards, were now on the threshold of permanent control of the country. In their distress the traditionalists allowed hooligans a free hand. Violence was met by violence.

Dr. Nkrumah—and more particularly his younger adherents—did not immediately meet the situation with statesmanship. To the supporters of the C.P.P., opposition too often appeared as treason to the national cause. Most—though not all—of the local C.P.P. leaders from Kumasi stayed in Accra, while the Governor was stoned when he entered the Ashanti city. A situation developed in which, during the last few months, the Prime Minister dare not appear in Ashanti. Nevertheless, Dr. Nkrumah and his government have shown a spirit of compromise in the face of this unconstitutional opposition. The price of cocoa was raised; inquiries have been instituted into malpractices; Sir Frederick Bourne was appointed to make a constitutional report on the Ashanti demand for federation; and a round-table conference was called at Achimota to discuss the future constitution. The Prime Minister's mistake was that of timing rather than of intransigence. He often acted too late, appearing to capitulate rather than to initiate. His introduction last autumn of the States Ordinance Amendment, reducing the Chiefs' powers, was scarcely calculated to assist the deliberations of Sir Frederick Bourne. On the other hand, it has become obvious that the main object of the National Liberation Movement is to obstruct, not to construct.

The situation is now approaching a climax. Gold Coasters have been led to expect independence within the next twelve months. Yet if the Gold Coast were to become independent in the present circumstances, there would be a strong probability of civil war. Nevertheless, whatever the risks involved in independence, those of postponement are still greater. If the independence movement turns sour, and the Gold Coast is diverted to anti-British agitation, the whole of Africa may quickly be lost to the democratic ideal.

The paramount issue involved, therefore, is how to create conditions in which independence can be achieved without conflict. To achieve this aim out of the present dangerous situation demands a four-stage programme. Dr. Nkrumah's government has just published a White Paper outlining its constitutional proposals, based upon the Achimota conference. These provide reasonable safeguards for most of the fears of the opposition. Some powers would be devolved to regional assemblies; consultations would be held with State Councils on bills affecting the Chiefs; the regions would have some control over appointments to public boards. The government, in fact, has gone far to meet its critics.

The first stage, therefore, should be to debate this White Paper and secure its approval by the Assembly. Once this constitution is approved, it becomes the responsibility of the British government to announce the date on which the Gold Coast may become independent, if a majority of its Assembly so choose. The date should be not later than March, 1957. It would next be the duty of the Gold Coast government to hold a general election on its constitutional proposals. There have been suggestions that such an election would not be a fair test of opinion in present circumstances and should be held after independence is realised. This might prove a grave mistake. In principle, the electorate has the right to pronounce upon the new constitution; in practice, it could be of great importance that Britain should hold responsibility for the maintenance of law and order during the campaign. There would then be no excuse for any section of opinion to question the legitimacy of the result nor to attempt to contract out of the decision. The final stage would then be reached. The new Assembly—elected after full discussion on the real political issues—would be in a position to pass a motion asking the British government to hand over all remaining powers on the agreed date. The Ghana state would be born—and welcomed into the Commonwealth.

A programme on these lines deserves support from both parties in Britain, and from all those in the Gold Coast who genuinely believe in independence through free, democratic choice. The time is short, for economic trouble lies ahead. The catastrophic break in cocoa prices has already rendered federal schemes obsolete, and is threatening economic and social development. Strong, stable government is essential if the people of the Gold Coast are to achieve that healthy, progressive future which projects like the Volta Dam and Tema Harbour envisage.

An Abuse of Official Secrets

As a man who can never get past a "surplus stores" shop, I must have wasted a lot of time since the war trying to identify the countless gadgets released by the service ministries for sale to the public. I have just found many of them described in *The Hidden Catch*, a highly unusual book "ghosted" by Mr. Charles Connell from a manuscript by Major Clayton Hutton, formerly of the Intelligence Corps. Mr. A. N. L. Munby reviewed it here on December 31, 1955. It describes the invention and production, in numerous small workshops in England, of the enormous variety of "escape aids" that helped British and allied prisoners of war, by constantly breaking out of their prisons and camps, to immobilise an unprecedented force of enemy guards: silk, non-rustling maps of every country in Western Europe; fountain pens, match boxes, and fly-buttons containing compasses; ingenious food-packs; flying boots with uppers that could be ripped off to make a waistcoat, leaving a non-military-looking pair of shoes; phosphorescent halves of table-tennis balls as ground markers for aircraft; fountain pens with compartments for dyestuffs and compasses in addition to ink. It was Major Clayton Hutton's job, and his alone, to think out these ideas and then get them made up as gadgets, first as prototypes and then by the hundred thousand.

The odd thing about this book is that he appears in it only as "Mr. X," suppositiously writing in the first person. "For security reasons," says the blurb, "the identity of the man who helped hundreds of prisoners of war to escape cannot be revealed." He is not even accorded his military status, not even "Major X," and on page 11 it is made to appear that throughout this astonishing story he was an officially-disowned civilian, dashing around rather disreputably on his own, but producing such gratifying results that he must not on any account be stopped, like the mess orderly in pursuit of an illicit fowl for the adjutant's dinner.

> For all dubious decisions and unorthodox behaviour [he is made to say] I accept full responsibility. My tale, therefore, concerns my activities only, and not those of any organised group; and I take this opportunity, right at the outset, of disassociating myself completely from all services machinery.

This has the unmistakable quality of words written down by a man with a revolver trained on him, but in fact Major Hutton didn't write them at all: they were written in by Mr. Connell, the "ghost," at the behest of the Air Ministry. Yet you cannot read twenty pages of this book without realising that the man whose dynamic war activities it partially describes must have had substantial Treasury backing and the personal blessing of someone hardly less omnipotent than Mr. Churchill himself. None of the "prohibited places" under the Official Secrets Acts or the Defence (General) Regulations seems to have been closed to him, not even the *sanctum* of their braided Lordships at the Admiralty. In most of his actions he deferred to no one, a good example of his methods being his sudden descent upon the Headmaster of Rugby with the request that his senior boys be allowed to read fifty "escape books" about World War I (borrowed from the British Museum) and make lists of what in their opinion would be indispensable escape equipment. (He had no time to read fifty books himself.) They did it in four days: "Maps that won't rustle. . . . Dyes. . . . Compasses. . . . Wire. . . . Copying paper. . . . Pens. . . . Needles. . . . Tools."

At Rugby he had found instant and enthusiastic co-operation. At some of the factories that were to turn out his millions of "small parts," he bribed his improbable way to credibility and acceptance by taking crates of jams and preserves in his long-suffering car—before the war he had an interest in the dry-goods business. He was the kind of man, the brass-hats must have thought (indeed subsequent events showed that they did), whose activities you could uneasily ignore provided you couldn't in some *obvious* way circumvent them (and how some of them tried!), provided all went well, and provided, above all, that you could feel sure the fellow was proposing to go away somewhere after the war and keep quiet.

Major Hutton doesn't seem prepared to do this. On January 4, 1950, he asked the War Office for permission to lecture in the United States (whose troops had all been equipped with his escape aids during the war) and to write a book about his experiences so that it could be published there at the time of the lectures. He backed his request with a file of press cuttings that showed how nearly all the gadgets he had invented had been described, with full "security permission," in newspaper articles and books. (Many of the gadgets were then on sale to the public: by 1950 Russian agents were buying "escape maps" in large quantities.) After about a month he was given "clearance" for the lecture tour and told to submit the manuscript of his book in due course. He then wrote his book, completing it by August of that year, and showed it to Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry, who, as the book relates, was the first British Air Force officer to escape from enemy captivity and who had gone straight to Major Hutton with suggestions for further developments in the general escape plan. Unasked, Sir Basil wrote an appreciative foreword to the book:

> It was on my return to England in August, 1940, that I first met Clayton Hutton, or "Clutty" as he is known to his friends. He was sitting in his office in the Hotel Metropole, and I told him my story; and he described what he was trying to do to help aircrews escape. I was delighted, and at once took a liking to him—because here was a man of action and ideas.
>
> Clutty would never allow a difficulty to stand in his way. Some people may think he is eccentric: I think he is a genius. This book tells the story of how many of the difficulties were overcome; some by ingenuity, and others by sheer determination and refusal to be put off by procedure and precedent. It gives a wonderful insight into a important and thrilling activity of the war which, in my judgment, paid a dividend out of all proportion to the work and cost involved.

By this time Major Hutton had signed an agree-

Rien ne va plus . . .

ment with Elek Books. All publishers had received, in January, 1946, a circular from the Admiralty, War Office and Air Ministry Press Committee asking them to refrain from publishing certain information about prisoner-of-war escapes, and to submit manuscripts for "guidance". Sir Basil Embry succeeded in getting the book considered early by this committee, in view of Major Hutton's forthcoming departure for the lecture tour in America. In September, Hutton was asked to make a few alterations, and did. A month later he was told that although most of its contents had already been published in one form or another, putting "the whole scheme in one piece" made it "look very official." He made some more alterations. After another month with no further development, Sir Basil Embry made fresh representations on his behalf. Hutton was then given a list of twenty-eight criticisms, "many of them futile" (he tells me) "but made in good faith". Several of these were dropped after discussion, and the rest he agreed to. When he left for the U.S. six weeks later (December 23, 1950) his book was still not cleared; and on January 9, in New York, he received a letter turning it down without further comment.

At this stage the intending publishers and their solicitors entered the battle, but when Hutton got back to London in April, 1951, absolutely no progress had been made. Then the Air Ministry suddenly served upon him a "directive", requiring the immediate surrender of any documents in his possession "relating to your service in His Majesty's Forces", to include any preparatory notes or drafts for lectures. Hutton's absolute refusal to do this brought upon him a summons at the instance of the Director of Public Prosecutions under section 2(1)(b) of the Official Secrets Act, 1911. It charged him with "failing to comply with a direction issued by a lawful authority" and with having unlawfully retained "certain sketches, models, articles and documents".

At this point Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry reenters the story. Despite considerable pressure, he went angrily to Bow Street Magistrates' Court prepared to give evidence that all the documents and gadgets in Hutton's possession had been officially presented to him, that all of them, years before, had been officially cleared or "compromised", and that Hutton had never done anything prejudicial to national security. But at the court the prosecution asked the magistrate's leave to withdraw the summons and said, in effect, that the entire prosecution was misconceived. The magistrate, Sir Lawrence Dunne, agreed. Meanwhile, the American publishers had been similarly intimidated at the behest of the British authorities, and Major Hutton's book was dropped.

It was then that the English publishers asked Mr. Charles Connell to "ghost" a new version of Major Hutton's book—with the latter's consent; and perhaps the strangest part of the story is that, according to Major Hutton, it was then published by Elek Books as *The Hidden Catch*, without further submission to him, with Air Ministry clearance, with his own name suppressed throughout, with the copyright assigned to Mr. Connell, and with the libellous insertion about himself that I have quoted earlier. In an action in the Chancery Division last January, in which Elek Books were seeking to restrain Major Hutton from publishing his story elsewhere, while he sought to restrain them from publishing it at all, the Air Ministry objected on security grounds to the reading of Major Hutton's affidavit, although it contained nothing not already published. There was an adjournment; and then suddenly—for the second time—the Air Ministry backed out. They agreed to the publication of Major Hutton's name on the book, and raised no objection to the removal of the libellous passage in which he was, in effect, described as an impostor. He settled "out of court" his dispute with Elek Books, who restored the copyright to him. And the whole miserable story is rounded off by the fact that the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors refused Hutton's claim for an award, accepting the War Office argument that his highly ingenious and valuable devices were "not original inventions" (though the Air Ministry said they were).

I have given the facts exactly as Major Hutton has explained them to me. They have already been the subject of one House of Commons question by Captain Robert Kerby, M.P., who read the book and—as I think anyone must do—smelled a rat. The Air Minister's reply to Captain Kerby threw no light on a matter which, it has seemed to many people in the past ten years, justifies the major misgiving that greeted the Official Secrets Acts when they were debated in 1911 and 1920: namely, that these Acts provide officials with the perfect weapon for suppressing not only information that must, by general consent, be secret for reasons of state security, but also the muddles, jealousies, timidities and vendettas of the officials who are supposed to keep them. The Acts can thus be used to inflict great injustice upon individuals; and it is difficult to arrive at any other conclusion than that, in the case of Major Clayton Hutton, they have been used to destroy, or at least gravely jeopardise, his chances of earning from film, serial, television and book rights, both here and abroad, the recognition and recompense denied by officialdom to one of the most remarkable figures in the secret background of the war.

C. H. ROLPH

London Diary

WHEN I arrived at Claridge's on Tuesday night, I took the crowd outside for so many sightseers, and started to push my way through. Then I saw that the crowd consisted of the Dean of Canterbury, Mr. and Mrs. Gaitskell, Lord and Lady Hailsham, Palme Dutt, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Behrens, many Labour M.P.s, some good friends from India and a lot of other people whose faces were quite familiar though I could not for the life of me remember their names. I did not see Malcolm Muggeridge. Twenty minutes' later, when we got inside, somebody said: "This party is rather like a rush-hour in the subway, don't you think?" It was in fact an orderly scrum: I saw nothing whatever to justify some of the newspaper stories about "a near-riot," fainting women with torn dresses, etc. They turned on great arclights, and a man who was drinking vodka near me said "What with the vodka and these lights, I feel I really must confess." I had just reached the caviare when I found myself propelled from the back into the arms of a lady I didn't know some yards deep in the crowd. I turned round to discover that a gangway was being made for Krushchev, and that he had stopped exactly by me. Krushchev shook all hands held out to him and passed on. A passage was also cleared for Bulganin, who walked past briskly. He looked so tired and he smiled so resolutely that I wondered whether his face would actually crack. He stayed the course magnificently, and when I left, photographers were on chairs, and the crowd was singing "For he's a jolly good fellow." I asked what had happened to Krushchev, and was told that he was in the bathroom talking with Mr. Stassen and Charlie Chaplin.

The sole topic of conversation at the party seemed to be the row at the Labour Party dinner. People of all political opinions seem to have been infuriated by the behaviour of Mr. George Brown, who is, after all, seeking to be treasurer of the party, and is, presumably, a responsible person. The press has described his interruptions of the important speeches, but what has not got into the press is the fact that the trouble first arose from his antics, before the speeches, during the dinner. Apparently Mr. Brown started offering offensive toasts to the Russians. Sitting opposite him was Krushchev's son, a young man whom most people were doing their best to welcome. Suddenly Mr. Brown asked him whether he held the same views as his father. With some embarrassment the young man agreed; whereupon Mr. Brown said that one of the differences between Britain and Communist countries was that here sons did not always agree with their fathers. At this point Krushchev himself interjected that one should not interfere in the internal affairs of families any more than with those of nations! Mr. Brown's interjection in Krushchev's account of the origin of the war surprised everyone, since K's account was substantially the same as the Labour Party's case against Chamberlain. That, of course, did not excuse Krushchev's loss of temper or the tone of some of his subsequent remarks.

* * *

Trying to sort out a few grains of solid value out of the immense cloud of chaff, I should like, writing before any official communiqué is published, to put one or two points on record. Of the subjects that could be discussed in Downing Street, two seem to have been ruled out from the beginning by the Russians. They were prepared to admit that there have been incidental good as well as bad points in British colonialism, but as anti-imperialists, they held that there could be no point in arguing about it with people who are, in their view, still imperialists. Similarly they thought it waste of time to argue about Germany; if we insisted on rearming West Germany against them, they would keep Germany disunited. Perhaps, they added, as this paper has so often done, that we should deserve all we get if, as a result, Russia made another pact with Germany. As to the tour in general, I hope that the visitors understood that the British crowds, in comparison with Indians, for instance, are quiet and undemonstrative, and that they attach little importance to the noisy demonstrations of political exiles and a few local fascists. It was, of course, entirely desirable that the Soviet leaders should hear serious disagreements expressed; co-existence assumes recognition of these differences. But people in Oxford when they were there tell me that our undergraduate notion of humour was not understood!

* * *

I remarked recently that one of the things to watch for in this Soviet tour would be Whitehall's effort to prevent the Russians from making a grand propaganda film of the visit. The most conspicuous example in the event has been the refusal to allow any Windsor Castle photographs. No picture of the Queen in her new sables with B. and K. or of Bulganin lifting Prince Charles onto his superb pony, or of Krushchev and the Princess playing with her bear-cub, before it was housed in the Zoo. I doubt whether the visitors' disappointment was to anyone's advantage.

* * *

The special interest of Father Huddleston's Christian Action meeting in the Central Hall (with two overflowing overflows) lay in his list of suggestions by which people over here could help

to fight *apartheid* in South Africa. The audience notably included a large number of young men and women, many of whom are Tories; they seem to feel as passionately about South Africa as the Left did about the Spanish civil war. Father Huddleston's speech was predominantly political. His suggestions included a number of ways of bringing home to South Africans that civilised people everywhere regard their attitude to Africans as anti-Christian and a return to barbarism. There was special applause for a jazz artist who had refused a lucrative contract in South Africa because he could not obtain a guarantee that he would perform before racially mixed audiences. A boycott in the field of sport might, in Father Huddleston's view, be more effective. He did well also to remind us that the South African government will soon be bringing pressure to bear on the British to hand over to them the Protectorates, and that we have so neglected their physical welfare that, unless the Colonial Office makes a sudden change in policy, it will not be easy for Britain to reply to the plea that economically (as opposed to politically and socially) Africans in the Protectorates would be better off inside South Africa than they are under Whitehall protection. Father Huddleston also wanted better information about South Africa collected and disseminated; South Africa House must be kept informed of the opinions of decent British people of all political parties. If South Africa were pushed out of the Commonwealth—he thought they would leave it anyway—it might have the good result of keeping Ceylon within the Commonwealth. These and other similar proposals should be kept in mind by those who are now organising "A Fund for African Democracy." They include Canon Collins and two M.P.s, Anthony Greenwood and Reginald Sorensen. Their treasurer's address is 41 Platt's Lane, N.W.3, and they have started to collect money for such purposes as the assistance of African workers in establishing genuine trade unions, helping the victims of South African fascism, legally and financially, and publishing a regular bulletin with just the kind of information that Father Huddleston suggested.

* * *

The theft, and return, of the Morisot picture in the Tate has had, I think, the desired effect of reminding the British people that Britain has behaved meanly in keeping the Lane Collection in this country. Sir Hugh Lane seems finally to have wanted his pictures to be housed in Dublin; the fact that his last will was not witnessed makes a poor excuse for Britain to hang on to the pictures, especially since the Tate has so many masterpieces to show that some of the Lane Collection has to be kept in the cellars. The incident has also had some odd effects at this office, which Ganymed's showroom adjoins. The Morisot reproduction was naturally displayed in the window. The police, I take it, have been reading Chesterton. Nothing else could explain why detectives should have rung the housekeeper late at night to find out whether the reproduction was the missing masterpiece. They spotted it with torches and, remembering no doubt Father Brown's dictum that the best hiding place is the most conspicuous, refused to be satisfied until a Tate expert came round to testify that the reproduction (which they could have bought for 50s plus 14s 3d tax) was not the original. Nor were the police alone in their vigilance. A number of passers-by called to ask if this were original and two small urchins came to warn us that they meant to tell the police that we had "nicked" it. The final testimony to the excellence of the reproduction occurred after the picture had been returned to the Tate. A "refined civil service type," I'm told, seeing someone carrying the Ganymed reproduction down the steps of the Tate, exclaimed "Good Lord! Not Again!"

* * *

Here, contributed by an old friend of this journal who hides under the name of Otto Watteau, is the neatest tribute I've yet seen to Clerihew Bentley:

Edmund Clerihew Bentley
Enthroned himself by gently
Setting the whole country to work
On a quirk.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

When I was two, I was pushed downstairs by a little girl. I have a clear picture of the whole incident, and I've been suspicious of women ever since. N. R., St. John's Wood, London.—Letter in the *People*. (G. Lovell.)

In the premium bonds controversy one point seems to have been missed. No age limitations have been suggested.

Are children to be allowed to take out these bonds? If so, they will presumably be eligible to draw the prizes. This does seem to constitute a rather dangerous precedent.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (D. H. X.)

Greying hair to give that distinguished middle-aged look is the latest sex-appeal craze among teenage youths at Southport, Lancs. They use ordinary silver paint—at 1s. a bottle—with which they spray "grey streaks" on to their hair with a scent spray.—*Sunday Pictorial*. (A. Finesilver.)

Harwell Invades the Hardy Country

(To the tune of "Linden Lea")

On Egdon Heath (zo volks be zayen)
Where the cut and culver vly,
Chaps from Harwell be zurveyen—
Emmets wi' a wold school tie;
An' you mid zee in Harwell feäce
That up a depth he'll blow the pleäce—
There'll be no room vor vuz to bloom
Wi' mammets' caddle clumming down.

* * *

Where grammer meäde the wold blue vinny
We'll be gallied, every one,
Dathered by zome Lon'on ninny
When theäse girt reactors run;
An' if they vail to be zo rough
We hazen trouble quite enough—
There'll be no pleäce vor blooëns to greäce
When Harwell bwoys have Atom Beäse.

* * *

Zome other volk mid vind it comic
In a Do'set heath to zee
Eäcres took vor theäse Atomic
Energy Authority;
But, when they dringe the pleäce an' boast,
From down-in-under Hardy's ghost
Mid curse the drong that did en wrong
Bibberen, hagrod up-along.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Glossary:
Cut—kitty wren; *culver*—wood pigeon; *emmets*—ants; *vuz*—gorse; *mammets*—scarecrows; *caddle*—muddle; *clumming*—bungling; *grammer*—grandmother; *blue vinny*—Dorset blue cheese; *gallied*—frightened; *dathered*—bewildered; *girt*—great; *hazen*—forebode; *blooëns*—blossoms; *dringe*—overcrowd; *drong*—throng; *bibberen*—shaking with cold; *hagrod*—having nightmares.

Home is Over Jordan

To say there are half a million Palestinian refugees in Jordan is only to be out by a few thousands—and who bothers to think about refugees as individuals, anyway? Yes, a few people do: women like Ruth Black at Nablus or Winifred Coate at Zerka. They were there as part of some church organisation, teaching perhaps, or supervising. Then, without warning, a thousand screaming, panicking, terrified people are tumbled out of trucks in front of them and nobody does a thing about it. They start by ringing up the Bishop and distributing milk; they end by organising industries and housing estates. There is no nonsense about planning permission or sanitary inspectors. Whatever is done is an enormous step up from the hideous squalor of the refugee camps. Nor is there any fuss about whether a refugee is Moslem or Christian, whether he has three or four wives or such small matters of custom; desperate need is met with patient and efficient love and understanding.

Mousa el Alami thinks about refugees as individuals, too. He has an estate between Jericho and the Jordan river, where the land slopes down towards the salt, eroded hillocks by the Dead Sea. Without irrigation nothing was possible; the experts said he would only find brine if he sunk wells. But he had a hunch; his first wells struck sweet water under a clay crust. He has irrigated, using sprinklers as well as ditches, grows three crops a year of vegetables, which are expertly washed, graded and packed, also wheat, bananas, oranges and fodder crops. Here he has a hundred Arab refugee boys, to whom he teaches agriculture and also skilled trades, and over a hundred grown-up workers from the Jericho camp. He takes his meals with the boys and knows all their problems and hopes; a boy looks up from his work when Mousa passes and his eyes light with trust and faith.

I saw that. I also saw smashed machinery and incubators, burnt buildings, pillaged desks, empty hen runs. It was done at the end of last year by rioting refugees. That doesn't make sense until you realise that Mousa has been called an agent of western imperialism and a compromiser with the doctrine of Death to the Jews, as anyone automatically becomes who offers an Arab refugee hope and the future instead of revenge and the past. So people were disappointed that Mousa el Alami was not murdered, since he happened to be away from home. I am glad to say his boys all fought for him and not one has been terrorised into leaving.

Now there is a great deal of potentially good land in Jordan which only needs irrigation; it would get it fast enough in land-hungry Israel! There is even more land in other Arab countries. Saudi Arabia could produce all the capital for the necessary works without anyone being any the worse except the purveyors of solid gold dinner services. Industries could be started in Jordan. At present the main industry is the Arab Legion; every Arab boy seemed to want to join it. No wonder, for it meant good quarters and good treatment, with all the amenities which General Glubb had insisted on—the tree-planted grounds, the club houses, the water supplies and modern buildings, the pipe band and so on, not to speak of the very becoming head-dress. But what is needed is something more productive—and goodness knows, Jordan is short of all kinds of consumer goods.

It should be possible to settle the refugees in the Arab countries, and make them into a pro-

ductive agricultural and industrial labour force. But is that the right solution? They had a great wrong done to them by the invading Zionists. Yet the Zionists were themselves driven by the even greater wrongs of the gas chambers and the pogroms. Two wrongs, unhappily, do not make a right. And it is this wrong done to the refugees which has made Israel insecure.

It is not the first time in history that such things have happened, and our own hands are anything but clean. The hows and whys of the Palestine story are told very differently on the two sides of this cruellest and craziest of frontiers. The solid weight of misery remains, and still the women in the camps wear the dresses that show they belonged to some village which is now perhaps only scattered stones. Their fields that they dream of, where they worked laboriously, tediously and slowly, with no tools but their bare hands and a basket for weeds or stones, are now being far more efficiently cultivated by some kibbutz with modern machinery and decent conditions of labour. Instead of the long black dresses, heavily embroidered on the breast and in stripes, the girls wear jeans or shorts. Instead of walking humbly after the husband, who rides the family donkey, and carrying all the burdens as well as a baby or two, the women work, play and study alongside the men.

Most of the refugees probably come from villages and were deeply attached to the soil, but some came from towns; a few were quite well off. Now they eat their hearts out, year after year, in the mud brick huts of the hideous refugee camps with the continuous stink of open drains and blowing of evil dust. There is no work for them, though some must be finding a little wage somewhere, for the Unwra food only keeps them alive for three weeks out of the month. It is mostly bread. There is an Unwra inquiry going on just now; they can't think why the refugees are still alive.

The children in the horribly overcrowded Unwra schools show a great variety of skin and other diseases. Some people say they are learning Communism. I wouldn't be surprised. There isn't much hope for them in any other doctrine. Or do they suppose that the Arab states really mean to sweep the Jews into the sea and give them back their villages, where they would live, not, of course, on the Israeli level—just tolerable by western or Russian standards—but at the old bare subsistence level? Is that their dream? Or is it a more plausible dream, especially for Moslems who like the idea of justice, to do something about evening out standards of living in the Arab world?

Meanwhile, these slum camps have stayed practically unchanged for six years, each of them housing several thousand people in conditions of extreme wretchedness. A lot of babies get born. If one thinks in terms of birth control, the women's answer is that the only thing they can do for their husbands is to bear them sons—daughters don't count—and that while they are pregnant life is made a little less hard for them.

There are also frontier villages in the hills with the frontier line cutting them off from their old lands in the western plain. Here, one might think, a little mutual good will could work wonders. But there appears to be no official good will, instead a terrifying atmosphere of hate; on one side the word "Jew" spoken as it must have been in Nazi Germany, on the other "no good Arab but a dead Arab." Yet there are plenty of individuals who have had good relations in the past with the almost mythical other side and who realise that, sooner or later, the frontier between Jordan and Israel, with its constant shootings, must cease to exist, because each side needs the other so much and because Jerusalem is the Holy City for everyone.

Is that unofficial good will going to be enough for peace? Enough to stand against Nasser's need to produce Egyptian victories in order that the slowness of progress and the lack of democratic methods within Egypt may be forgiven or unnoticed? Enough to stand against the Big Two (or more) fishing around in the oil for the sardines of power? It seems to me that we have to back that good will wherever we find it. In exchange for peace, it would be worth Israel's while to offer to let some refugees at least go back, to make some frontier adjustments and to arrange for some individual compensation. In exchange for even a partial opening of the frontier and possible use of a port, it would be worth Jordan's while to take Unwra money for a big resettlement scheme. And it would be worth the whole world's while to contribute, even if it meant selling fewer cast-off tanks and planes

NAOMI MITCHISON

Fleet Street Notebook

WHATEVER else Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Krushchev may think about the British press it has certainly done them proud in the way of space. They will have plenty of press cuttings to con through in the long winter evenings when *Pravda* palls. From the moment of their arrival they have dominated the front pages. Even The Wedding took second place—except in the *Daily Herald*. I suppose it must signify something, although exactly what it is perhaps politer not to imagine, that alone among the newspapers of the whole country so far as I have been able to check, and certainly alone in the national press, the *Herald* reached the highly idiosyncratic news judgment that the arrival of the rulers of Russia on a state visit was of infinitely less importance to the people of Britain than a wedding in Monte Carlo. "Greatest Day of My Life!" it proclaimed in black type three-quarters of an inch deep across eight columns, story and pictures over the whole of the top half of the front page, with Bulganin and Krushchev firmly put in their place well below the fold. I would have given a great deal to be present at the editorial conference at which this assessment of news value was reached. It must have thrown quite a lot of illumination on some of the reasons for the indomitable downward march of the *Herald's* circulation.

But if the *Herald* found Bulganin and Krushchev merely runners-up in the news stakes, no one else in Fleet Street did. The *Mirror*—"B and K In The Garden of Eden"—gave them practically the whole of its front page. The *Express*, which has an unsurpassed instinct for what interests the public (if not always for the public interest) not only led the paper with them, handing over its front page treatment of the wedding to Giles with exactly the right touch of sophistication, but devoted its leader page to a signed article of welcome by its editor, Arthur Christiansen. Mr. Christiansen is one of the most brilliant of living journalists. Next to Lord Beaverbrook he is the man most responsible for making the *Express* the most discussed, copied, admired and detested popular newspaper in the world—the paper all other journalists have to read. But he does not often appear in his own paper. He should do so more often. His article was full of sound common sense. Or at least that part of it dealing with the Russian visit was, until he—or Lord Beaverbrook—felt it necessary for him to wind up with a defence of the *Express's* pre-war policy. This proved a task beyond his, or any man's, powers.

The *Express* has been faithful to the note it struck throughout the visit. It reported Krushchev's first important speech verbatim, promoting it to the honoured semblance of a signed article on the front page. Indeed it is significant that the two papers with the biggest popular circulation, the *Express* and the *Mirror*, have—while not ignoring the lighter touches—been most active in urging that this visit was not a gossip writers' jamboree but a serious state visit in which momentous decisions could be taken and ought to be examined. "It's Time The Sourpusses and Cynics Shut Up," roared the *Mirror* across the whole of its front page on Tuesday, praising the "statesmanlike" speeches of the Russian leaders and demanding more time for serious talks. Its right wing imitator, with less than a quarter of its circulation, the *Daily Sketch*, has however been in a high state of anxiety all through. "Who Will Answer K?" a front page editorial asked this week. It proposed as a final desperate remedy that Mr. Harold Macmillan should be commissioned to do so immediately.

As a news story the visit has had practically everything. It has had boos or cheers according to taste—even the *Daily Worker* after trying hard at first to convince its loyal readers that it was cheering, cheering all the way, finally got around on Monday to asking: "Are the boos louder than the cheers or otherwise?" After which it commented, with a kindly democratic smile that must have reverberated like an H-bomb along Farringdon Road, "Naturally we are all very interested in reading about these things." There has also been an Oxford rag, which made nonsense of security if it did nothing else; and, finally, as the master stroke of all, there has been a baby bear for Princess Anne—a natural for the front page of every self-respecting popular paper in the country. But I think it is fair to say that by and large, despite all temptations and much nonsense, and a plentiful supply of journalistic invention, the serious side of the visit has been given much more consideration than one might have suspected from a superficial glance at some of the headlines.

For the rest I would not suggest that Bulganin and Krushchev—or anyone else—could get a wholly unbiased picture of their impact on the British public from any single paper except perhaps the *Manchester Guardian* or *The Times*. Yet I think that if someone is ordered to translate all the rest for them they will emerge at the end with a pretty complete picture of the reactions of the great majority of the population. Granted a sense of humour and an open mind, they will also pick up some fascinating bits of information about themselves on the way.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

NEXT WEEK

THE NEW REVOLUTION IN POLAND

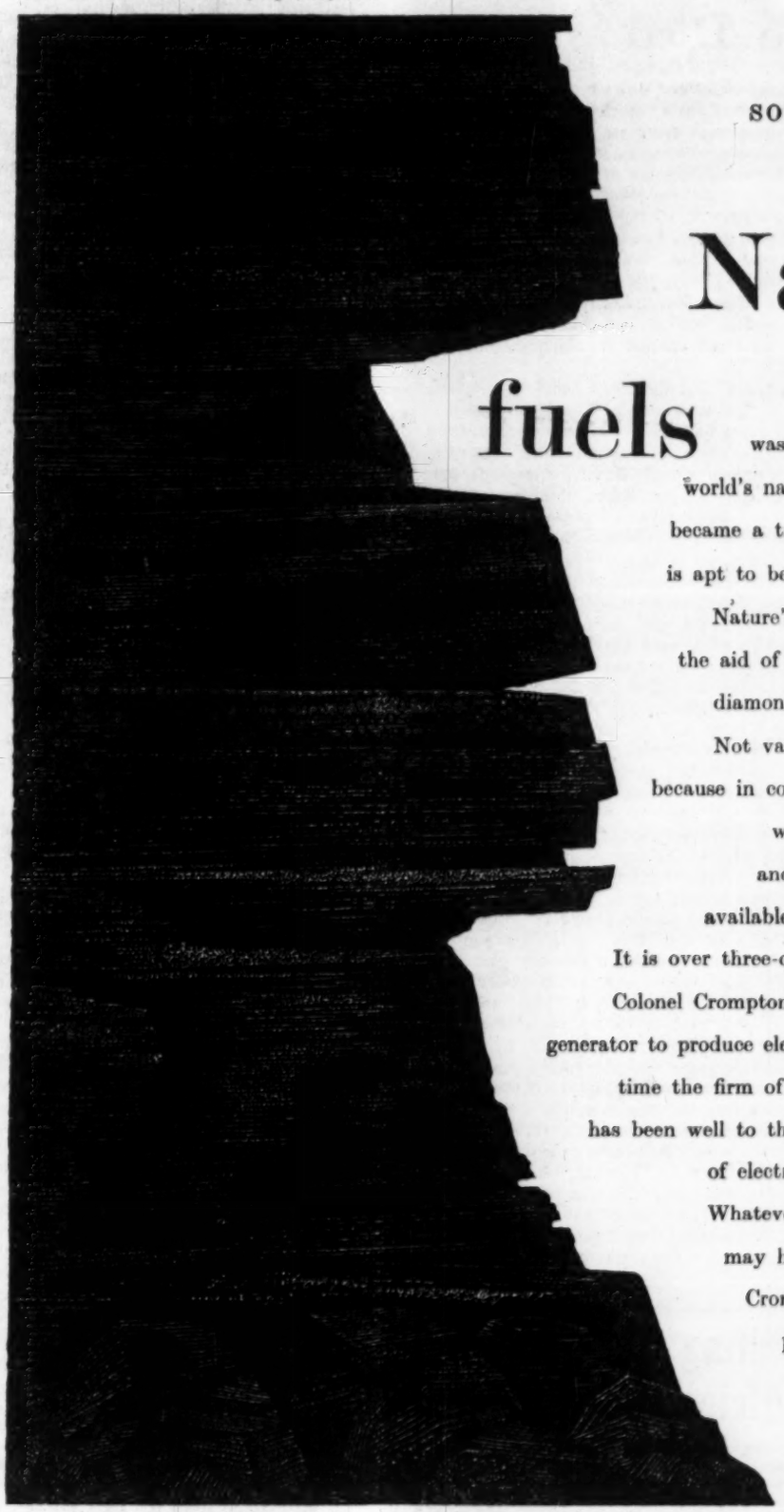
by

R. H. S. Crossman, M.P.

also

THE MAN WHO CAN'T BE WRONG

—a profile of Sydney Silverman, M.P., with caricature by VICKY.



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The Man Who Died

"PULL down my native village to the last brick. Plan a nucleus. Fix the focus. And then put up big buildings, handsome, that sweep to a civic centre," said D. H. Lawrence in an essay written within a few months of his death. One can see his point. Eastwood is south Nottinghamshire at its worst; and that is very bad indeed.

When Lawrence was born in 1885, Eastwood was a "mining village of some three thousand souls, about eight miles from Nottingham, and one mile from the small stream, the Erewash, which divides Nottinghamshire from Derbyshire." It was in beautiful country at that time, "just between the red sandstone and oak trees of Nottingham and the cold limestone, the ash trees, the stone fences of Derbyshire." The mines were "an accident in the landscape" and "Robin Hood and his merry men were not very far away."

Since then, the population has multiplied almost fourfold, and it is the remnants of the countryside rather than the mines that seem to be an accident in the landscape. The town is built on a long, low hill crowned by a main road. The shops and the older property stand beside the road, and the "amorphous, brittle, hard edged new houses" have spawned out in a bungaloid rash which is merging the identity of Eastwood with that of Langley Mill, Heanor and other mining townships. The Lawrence country is disappearing beneath an incrustation of tin cinemas, milk bars, chicken coops and power cables.

But in spite of vast fringe "development", the core of Eastwood has hardly changed since the local mining company in the first half of the last century built "two great hollow squares of dwellings planked down on the rough slope of the hill."

These little houses have four rooms, "with the 'front' looking outward into the grim, blank street and the 'back' with a tiny square brick yard, a low wall, a w.c. and ashpit, looking into the desert of the square, hard, uneven, jolting black earth tilting rather steeply down, with these little back yards all around, and openings at the corners."

Lawrence lived in four houses in Eastwood. He was born near one of the "squares" and the three subsequent moves each marked a pigeon-step forward in his mother's social climb; she died in a house with a big bay window. All four houses are still standing and they are all occupied, but there is little interest in the works of D. H. Lawrence.

Indeed, the minority of Eastwood people who have heard of Lawrence know him only as a name and of this minority one person at least is convinced that his Arabian mission was a waste of time. His contemporaries, those now in their late sixties or early seventies, have become aware of his fame only by observing the voracious appetite with which early biographical trivia are snapped up by funny visitors, most of them foreign.

There is no reluctance on the part of retired miners in local pubs to relate once more that Bert Lawrence preferred to play with girls; that he was a mard arsed kid; that he had no time for sport and was suspected of being a gaffer's man at Beauvale School; but they make it plain that they do not understand the interest. It is impossible to get a favourable comment. The reverse is true of his father, John Arthur Lawrence, who died in the 1920s. He is well remembered as "a grand old gentleman" in The Three Tuns, where he caroused frequently on his way back from Brinsley Colliery, unwashed and unchanged, his beard full of coal dust. Arthur Lawrence was one of the boys. They are still sorry for him, having a son who turned out like Bert.

The Lawrence revival of the 1950s inspired a number of local people to form a committee with the object of raising money from all over the world to build a Lawrence Memorial Hall—with a swimming pool beneath. Architects' plans were drawn up and the project was costed at £200,000. The local authority gave its support, one councillor succinctly remarking that there was to be a public hall on the proposed site anyway.

Correspondence in the local press was anguished but unoriginal: "I suggest that if it had not been for the sordid, the vile, and the sexy in his books we would never have heard of the man or his doings. Surely before any man is honoured by the place of his birth the question should be 'what good has this man done?' For Eastwood, Lawrence did precious little, if any. Now if this town seeks a son to honour there is no need to search foreign places or sensational literature. Forty or more years ago there was a man in Eastwood who in a humble way was doing a very noble work among the young people, and I put forward the name of 'Captain' Chambers. He was worshipped by the boys and hundreds grew up better men and with their families enjoyed a fuller life for his having passed this way." In a few letters, Lawrence's detractors were gently rebuffed, however, one correspondent pointing out that "to run away with a professor's wife does not seem to be evidence sufficient enough to reject the idea of a memorial."

As the scheme has now been shelved (it may emerge in a different form at a later date), Eastwood's best-known son is commemorated only by a small metal plaque placed over his birthplace five years ago at the personal expense of one old friend. A more impressive plaque on The Sun Inn nearby marks the birthplace of the Midland Railway (October 4, 1832); and Jane Roberts, who died in 1922 after raising "over £100 for Ambulance Corps funds by making small articles and selling them for a few pence," has an inscribed stone seat which is rather more impressive than the war memorial.

The dozen or so people who every year squelch down the muddy half-mile cart track to The Haggs (the home of "Miriam") learn from the elderly farmworker and his wife who now occupy the house that the landlord has decreed that the kitchen living room shall remain unaltered by all future tenants. The little corner table where Jessie Chambers swotted under the eye of her excitable taskmaster is still intact; the same table at which she was sitting when she was castigated for relying too much on feelings, "while I trust entirely to the intellect."

The Haggs is placed in a splendid bowl of wooded country, shielded by a chance land formation from all evidence of collieries and council houses. It was on the wooded slope that flanks the farm that Lawrence saw the prototype of his dynasty of gamekeepers; and it was in this setting that he placed the gamekeeper to end all gamekeepers, at the end of the savage pilgrimage through Italy, Australia and New Mexico. He had come full circle.

As recently as 18 months before his death Lawrence wrote to one of the Chambers family: "Whatever I forget, I shall never forget The Haggs—I loved it so. I loved to come to you all, it really was a new life begun in me there. . . . Oh, I'd love to be 19 again, and coming up through the Warren and catching the first glimpse of the buildings. . . . If there is anything I can ever do, do tell me. . . . Because whatever else I am, I am somewhere still the same Bert who rushed with such joy to The Haggs." And be damned to the Dark Gods.

In the house of the late William Hopkin (the man who placed the plaque over Lawrence's birthplace) there is an interesting collection of material, preserved carefully by his widow. Hopkin was a simple man—"a Socialist and an idealist" is the common local description—and by staying on the sidelines of Lawrence's life he managed to maintain a permanent friendship. Hopkin was thanked for his letters "full of good old crusty Eastwood gossip", and despotic invitations to outlandish parts of Europe ("you can get here cheap, some way or other") punctuate a correspondence that spanned a period of over 20 years.

Hopkin's collection includes bitter, wartime books of verse with mild domestic inscriptions: "Dear Will, I send you the poems. Frieda is in bed with a cold. I wish something *nice* would happen.—D.H.L. P.S. Please send the bill for the wine." Snapshots show Lawrence paddling with one of his sisters at an East Coast seaside resort, his trousers rolled up to the knees of a woefully thin pair of shanks; or picnicking in the garb of a masher. There is a lively little flowerpiece in watercolour, with the distinctive features of each plant picked out with gay precision. This private collection is the nearest approach to a local museum. It is shown quite gladly to anyone interested enough to seek it out.

Eastwood looks better in the upthrown light of evening. At this time of day it is even possible to look at the silhouette of the Hill Top Methodist church without discomfort. ("Ladies Bright Hour Effort. Artistes at all services. Pentecost Trio and Gospel Choir. Two local lady elocutionists.") To the north, the humped bulk of Brinsley Colliery slag heap is a mass of heavy darkness against the lesser darkness of the sky.

The new life of eagerness and sunshine which was begun in Lawrence at The Haggs never thrust out for long the horror-hypnotism of that mine shaft. Dark gentians, dark rain and dark oblivion all derived from the dark pit and the earthquake darkness of a mining disaster: "The darkness falling, the darkness rising, with muffled sound, obliterating everything." But on the nearer skyline a trellis work of television aerials over the miners' rooftops is a reminder that (to those with receivers tuned to I.T.V.) Robin Hood and his merry men are still not very far away.

BRIAN CARNEY

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In Defence of Randolph Churchill

It is by no means true that the major figures of history are the most interesting. Indeed, in a sense, the opposite is true. Those who take the leading roles in the world of action are often so obvious that there is really nothing to say about them, and vice versa. Thus, for instance, Benjamin Constant is (as Sir Harold Nicolson has so admirably shown) inherently more interesting than Napoleon; and I myself, if I had to choose between undertaking a biography of Sir Winston or of Mr. Randolph Churchill, would unhesitatingly choose the latter.

To some this may seem a whimsical judgment. Sir Winston, they will contend, belongs to history, and will be remembered as long as the English-speaking peoples, etc., etc.; whereas his son has been, in politics, a non-starter, in letters, no more than a privateer journalist, in society, a turbulent nuisance—an embarrassment to his friends, a gift to his enemies, and a brawling bore to neutralist or uncommitted associates. Yet I still contend that, objectively considered, he is, in Lermontov's sense, an authentic hero of our time. At first sight, he might seem something of anachronism—a pinchbeck Marlborough in the century of the common man, who for a consideration is prepared to allow the public to look round his views and prejudices in much the same way that his distinguished kinsman allows them to look round Blenheim; an ageing *enfant terrible* whose pranks and teases become ever more dated.

This, however, would, in my opinion, be a very superficial view. Mr. Churchill belongs essentially to this age, and his clowning and outrageous sallies are the measure, not of his obsolescence, but rather of his contemporaneousness. Like Cyrano de Bergerac, the secret of his appeal lies in the fact that everything about him, including his appearance, is somehow out of focus. The edges are blurred. He puts into the causes he champions (for instance, his crusade against newspaper pornography) more than they can rightly contain. It is a case of old wine in new bottles. Considered as a political warship, he carries a lot of antique artillery, but the shells fall in unexpected places—here, there and everywhere, but rarely on the enemy. And quite often the guns misfire or backfire, to the great disconcertment of any who have been foolhardy enough to associate themselves with him.

At the same time, how preferable this is to the sort of career which seemed to offer so surely when he was young, handsome, eloquent, and in the full enjoyment of the *réclame* which his name effortlessly bestowed. Surely, one thought in those days, he will soon be in parliament, soon on the Treasury Bench. It was the first Lord Rothermere, I think, who called him England's young man of destiny—a scarcely original epithet which would, admittedly, have been more impressive from another source, but still heady enough for someone in Mr. Churchill's situation.

Who would have thought in those days that Conservative Party constituency selection committees thirsting for knighthoods would one day turn palely away when his name was put forward as a possible candidate? That even Bournemouth, which had meekly, if coldly, taken Brendan Bracken to its bosom, would indicate unmistakably that it did not want him? That the vast wash of Churchillian influence, capable, among other extraordinary feats, of translating a Professor Lindemann into a Lord Cherwell, would quite fail to translate its most natural, its most obvious, beneficiary into anything at all?

Dealt an incomparable hand, that is to say, Mr. Churchill has scarcely taken a single trick. Why? The answer doubtless lies embedded in his curious and contradictory temperament; in some *farouche* strain which induces him to kick over the table just at the moment when he seems to be about to play his aces, or (what really amounts to the same thing) in a propensity to self-pity which can dissolve away in a moment his seeming resolution and pugnacity, leaving him to be counted out before anything in the nature of a knock-out blow has been delivered.

Nonetheless, it would be quite mistaken to regard him as a total failure. If one of his brothers-in-law has, so far, comfortably held his ministerial position even after Sir Winston's retirement, and another has now got his foot on the lower rungs of preferment, Mr. Churchill has made far more noise in the world than they have, or are ever likely to make. Hostesses on both sides of the Atlantic may grow pale at the prospect of one of his visitations, but they know that, as a topic of conversation, he is inexhaustibly diverting. Everyone has an anecdote to contribute, wounds to display, bizarre episodes to recount. As a conversationalist himself he is often as devastating as one of those hurricanes which sweep away whole towns in their train; as a stimulant, *in absentia*, of other conversationalists, he is in the very top class.

It is, of course, true that his lack of success in conventional (as distinct from atomic) politics has been a bitter disappointment to him; but there is always White's bar, whose proceedings, like those of the House of Commons, quite often get reported in the press, and whose frequenters (particularly as the afternoon wears on) provide on the whole a more lively and appreciative audience than members of parliament. There is also the telephone—an instrument peculiarly suited to Mr. Churchill's particular brand of declamation. Night and day, it is always available, and the receiving end is liable, as the pips sound with monotonous regularity, to accept, rather than reject or question, spirited polemics, whether impromptu or read from a prepared manuscript.

As a journalist Mr. Churchill has lately enjoyed a kind of Indian summer. By concentrating his fire on press lords and Sir Anthony Eden, he has overcome the faults of diffuseness and imprecision which marred many of his previous productions. His most persistent detractors cannot but admit that some of his recent pieces (notably those he sent from Washington on the occasion of the recent visit there of the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary) have, as Johnson said of Garrick, increased the public stock of harmless pleasure, while his denunciations of newspapers and their proprietors have been, by comparison with the feeble and meandering efforts of the Press Council, as red biddy is to ginger ale.

In this connection, it may seem a little disappointing that one press lord, and he not the least vulnerable—I mean, of course, Lord Beaverbrook—should have become, as it were, immunised to the Randolph Churchill virus. But there it is. One has to write somewhere and be paid by someone. And anyway Mr. Churchill has used the platform Lord Beaverbrook has provided to assail Lord Beaverbrook's current favourite, Sir Anthony Eden. This must be counted to him for virtue. He might perfectly well have swelled the Beaverbrookian chorus of praise of his father's chosen successor. To judge from past experience, it is also probably true that, by employing Mr. Churchill, Lord Beaverbrook is preparing a rod for his own back. Other newspaper proprietors have likewise employed him, and look what has happened to them!

For myself, I would not have him otherwise. Like the sirens in the blitz, his arrival at any social gathering sends everyone scampering for cover; produces that slight shiver and tautening of the nerves which presages danger and excitement. When the "all clear" sounds and he departs, there is a corresponding sense of relief, but the intervening experience (as long as one has not been personally involved in the explosion) is exhilarating, or at any rate memorable. Society needs its scourges. What more suitable one in this strange, twilit time than a displaced Churchill—uproarious, unexpected; above all, uninhibited?

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

The Arts and Entertainment

From Stratford to Bristol

OF the two plays which open the Stratford season, *Hamlet* and *The Merchant of Venice*, it was the second, surprisingly, which came up the fresher. I have so long ceased hoping to enjoy *The Merchant* that each time I do, as I did at Stratford, my pleasure is increased by the unexpectedness of the treat. Miss Margaret Webster, with her designer, Mr. Alan Tagg, staged it extremely elegantly in an enchanted Venice, and she carried the action forward fast enough for us never to have time to reflect. This is of the first importance in this play, for if one did stop to think about it, one would soon land oneself in Shavian absurdities and start describing Bassanio as a cad. It is, of course, above all for the Portia to gloss over such elements in the conception with her gaiety and wit, and Miss Margaret Johnston entirely succeeded. Hers, indeed, is one of the best Portias I remember. That affectation of voice which once threatened Miss Johnston's acting has now entirely gone. She is spirited, gay and so entirely at ease in the verse that it is hard to believe that this is really her first appearance in Shakespeare.

Within this strong framework of a charming décor and a first-rate Portia, Miss Webster keeps all her elements admirably in key. She cannot give Lorenzo and Jessica more magic in their voices than they possess; but this apart, the company conspire with her to evoke that fairy tale truth within which alone the play's inconsistencies are reconciled. And no dramatic points were missed. It is here, of course, that Shylock comes in. Mr. Emlyn Williams has been curiously underpraised. The danger one had foreseen with him was that he might overdo the sinister; but that was to underestimate his artist's tact. Mr. Williams was content not to steal the show, not, as Shylocks often do, to split the play in half. This may be negative virtue but it is primary, and the positive effects were not lacking. It goes without saying that Mr. Williams can hold us stilled and chilled whenever he wants, and all the theatrical effects are made. We expect from him a superb pointing of the words, and we get it. Less expected was the fullness and roundness of the articulation, the free use of voice.

One small criticism. The stage management, commonly so adroit and inconspicuous at Stratford, drew altogether too much attention to itself with noisy scene-shifting and erratic lighting.

The *Hamlet*, which had opened the season, baffled comprehension. The producer evidently had an idea. Dispensing with scenery, he staged the play on a large wooden platform tilted towards us, under a pool of light against a black background (rather similar in fact to a Jean Vilar production). This, as we first see it, strikes us as effective and interesting, and the opening scene on the battlement seems to be working. It is all up to the actors. But what, after that scene, we begin wondering, are the actors up to? Goodness only knows. I presumed it was some form of anti-naturalism but it was difficult to decide what from Mr. Alan Badel's Hamlet. Mr. Badel is a most accomplished young technician and so presumably was producing the effects he intended. These were diverse. At one time I thought he was aiming at the exaggerated effects of a pre-realism tragedian, though falling short. Mr. Badel has several perfumed headnotes, but there is not enough diaphragm in his voice production to produce the range. At other times again he seemed to be on the Freudian line: the hysterical little boy howling through the young man. And this, for instance, made the closet scene embarrassing, and produced an even more shy-making moment just before the play scene: letting out a shrill neigh of "I must be idle", he throws himself down on his tummy and cocks up one leg and answers back the King from this fey position on the floor, face in hand.

Embarrassment is never far round the corner all the evening: the Ophelia sets us squirming, the costumes, unlike the setting, seemed designed to make everyone ridiculous except the King, to whom Mr. Harry Andrews gave a soldierly honesty which sorts oddly with the part. Yet the embarrassment, one felt, was not the producer's fault. Mr. Langham had his idea and it wasn't stupid. Simply, his actors failed him. If Stratford is to play safe—which Heaven forbid—it must have its disasters. This was one.

Mr. Peter Ustinov, prodigal as ever, anticipates his own appearance in his own play in London, with a conversazione on revolutionaries at the Bristol Old Vic. *The Empty Chair* takes place in a room overlooking the route to the guillotine, where the Committee of Public Safety are imagined to be holding their meetings in 1794. In a foreword Mr. Ustinov reminds us that "there are few things more devitalising in the theatre than the accurate historical play, in which the sweat of research permeates the hard dramatic structure". What we listen to is human error breaking out of the mould of revolutionary orthodoxy and leading in turn first Hébert, then Danton, then Robespierre to the gallows. The talk is good: it is lit with constant flashes of wit and intelligence; while a chorus of charwomen and the fable of the State chair (whoever sits in it is to be the next to die) keep it sufficiently fluid as a piece of stage action. We are as tired of repeating, as Mr. Ustinov is of hearing, that the blue pencil would be his best friend as a dramatist. Half an hour judiciously pruned from this play would make all the difference. It would never be a popular piece, but it would certainly delight those who enjoy discussion on an intelligent level, presented ingeniously and dramatically. That surplus half-hour all but drags it down. The Bristol Old Vic did the play good service. Derek Godfrey made a particular hit as a soft-mouthed spy. Joseph O'Connor (Danton), Alan Dobie (Robespierre), Molly Tapper (one of the charwomen) were specially helpful. Mr. Patrick Robertson provided a rich crumbling set, and the production by Robert Moody went smoothly.

T. C. WORSLEY

Round the Galleries

DURING the last week I have looked at—or walked in front of—well over 800 new paintings or pieces of sculpture. Behind each of them are hours of thought and hope. Yet from the public's point of view most of these hours have been wasted for the majority of the works fail as art. A few have already been appreciated and have given pleasure or inspiration. A few, but not necessarily the same few, will continue to do so in the future. These are the simple facts, with all the more complex human conclusions they suggest, that lie behind the familiar title *Round the Galleries*.

The London Group at the R.B.A. includes 400 works selected from 1,500. It is a useful, unique exhibition from which everyone can make their own further selection. Yet now that the Group has no axe to grind it might be better, if only wall space could be found, for them to have no jury and to hang everything when they are not having a Members Only show. If private enterprise in the arts has been allowed to break down all established standards—as it has in the Group—why not have a completely open market? Among the less well known, there is an impressive painting by Marian Kruszynski of a Polish street scene which has a haunting theatricality rather like that of the *Threepenny Opera*: a straightforward literal picture of a sunlit orchard by Tony Eyton and some cubist-derived canvases of trees in sunlight by Philip Sutton which prove how unimportant the dogmas of stylistic methods are, because in fact the experience of looking into these pictures is almost the same as looking into the Eyton. Along with Keith Vaughan and Benjamin Creme, Sutton is one of the few English artists today who use Cubism as a step towards Cézanne, and not away from him.

At Zwemmers there is an exhibition of paintings and engravings by Dolf Rieser, a South African who was trained as a biologist and later studied in Paris under the master-engraver Joseph Hecht. Rieser is a good craftsman and an imaginative technical experimenter, at the moment investigating the decorative possibilities of printing on plaster and on spun glass—architects please note. His subjects are mostly botanical or ornithological. He has not allowed his engraving skill itself to become his subject. In some ways he is a literary artist because, although his works are very decorative, it is by thought rather than by visual study that one arrives at their profounder meaning. A bird like a lamp in a tree, but its energy being movement instead of light—that is the sort of image his imagination creates.

The A.I.A. sculpture exhibition is disappointing. Sticks and stones and broken bones. Auden has said that one of the worst symptoms of sterility in our culture is that of "intellectuals without love." A show like this brings it home. But there is a fine tender figure of a pregnant woman by Kay Hunt and a good Betty Rea. Roderick O'Conor (1860-1940) is quite unknown

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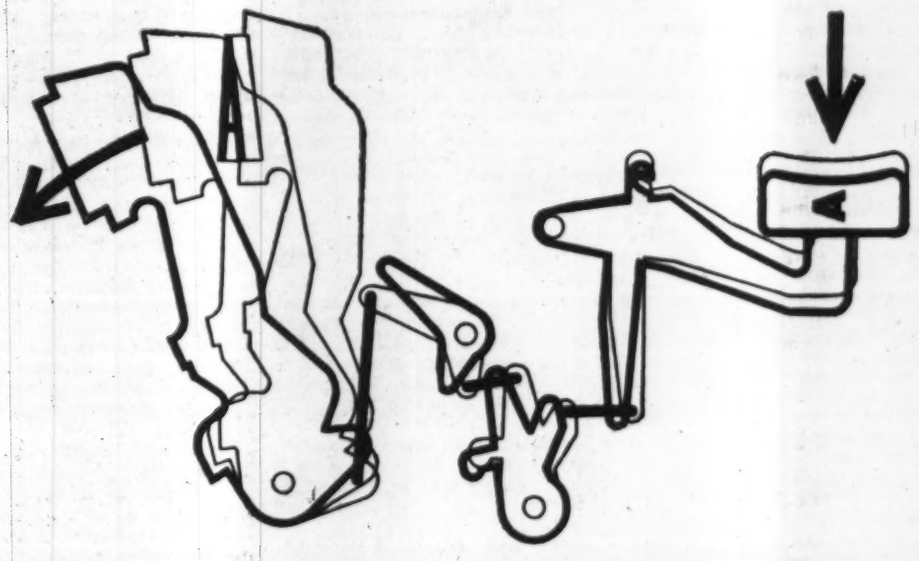

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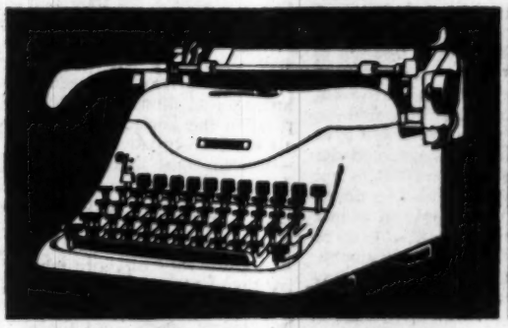

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because he never exhibited. He was a close friend of Matthew Smith, with some of whose pictures his are now exhibited at Roland, Browse and Delbanco. He worked with Gaugun at Pont-Aven. A good colourist but an insufficiently strong draughtsman. What is clumsy but passionate in Smith is weak in O'Conor. At the Leicester, Elinor Bellingham-Smith takes us out again and again on to the lonely, very evocative marshes. But even the most poignant cry of the curlew is poignant because of outside association and contrasts; it is not so if considered entirely and repetitively within its own world.

JOHN BERGER

Mozart and Gluck

THE new production of *The Marriage of Figaro* at Sadler's Wells presents a powerful argument in favour of opera in the vernacular. Clear enunciation prevails throughout the company, and it was delightful to hear the quick laughter aroused not only by the sure-fire theatrical situations but by line after line in Dent's witty translation. The dry recitatives, in particular, sounded more natural and sensible than usual. Among mainly un-Italian companies performing before un-Italian audiences a bad habit has grown up of gabbling the recitatives as though they were so many tongue-twisting tests; at Sadler's Wells they are treated for what they are—amusing and pointed stage-dialogue.

This was one of the happy consequences of Rudolf Schwarz's easy, unforced treatment of the score. But his sound ideas were not invariably matched, on the first night, by polished execution. Stage and orchestra were occasionally adrift, and there were times when we should have welcomed more sensuous beauty of vocal and instrumental tone: Joan Stuart, for instance, sang with too harsh a timbre for the Countess. John Hargreaves made a thoroughly effective Count, and Denis Dowling a lively Figaro who wanted only a touch of easy good humour. Anna Pollak repeated her mischievous Cherubino, and Patricia Howard, as Susanna, looked amusingly like the plump roguish soubrette of old theatrical prints and charmed us by singing out in a natural way instead of indulging in the mincing delivery that often passes for a good Mozart style. The most finished performances came from the elderly couple: Owen Brannigan made a dry Dr. Bartolo and Sheila Rex a Marcellina as amusing and credible as any I can remember. As Basilio, Thomas Round was made to look and behave just like Rossini's version of the same character—which was at variance with Mozart's musical treatment.

There were a few other features in Douglas Scale's generally effective production which led one to question his musical judgment. For the second time this season at Sadler's Wells, an act began with a mute portrait painter. As a lead-in to the Countess Almaviva's "Porgi amor," this device seemed even more ridiculous than it did as a lead-in to the Duke of Mantua's "Ella mi fu rapita": Mozart having provided only 17 bars of ritornello, the poor artist has to pack up after a few vague pencil strokes, and in the meantime the audience's concentration on the Countess has been sadly dissipated. Except in this scene, Malcolm Pride's designs were striking and imaginative; his third act was a triumph of handsome stage-perspective that drew a well-merited burst of applause on the rise of the curtain. The costumes, a jumble of periods and styles, were less happy.

Kirsten Flagstad, who emerges from retirement every now and then to sing for the Norwegian radio, gave two Third Programme performances this week of Gluck's *Alceste.* The state of her voice, even, firm and apparently inexhaustible in breath-supply, was a matter for wonder; we have not heard anything remotely comparable since she retired. The timbre, serene and radiant, was just what is wanted for Gluck's heroine; but those who were looking forward to her "Divinités du Styx" were disappointed. Probably because she is not at home in French, the original Italian version of 1767 (*i.e.*, without Hercules) was used—quite unchanged, so far as I could judge without an Italian score; and the famous aria is one of many passages which are decidedly weaker in their first form. No doubt a close comparison would reveal several points of superiority in the original version; still, there were *longueurs,* especially in the interminable second act, which made the occasion a little less rewarding than it had seemed in prospect. Raoul Jobin was a too-strenuous Admetus; Marion Lowe and Alfred Orda excelled in smaller parts; Geraint Jones conducted.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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Jam Tomorrow

ON Sunday the first official delegation ever sent by the BBC to Soviet Russia leaves London for a fortnight's visit to Moscow (and, it is hoped, such regional broadcasting centres as Kiev and Leningrad).

This is a reciprocal visit. A Soviet broadcasting delegation visited Britain last year. That delegation was led by the Deputy Minister of Communications. The current invitation to the BBC is from the Minister of Culture, Mr. Mikhailov, who was here recently. When the question of the jamming of BBC broadcasts by the Soviet authorities was raised with him, he said that that question fell within the responsibility of the Minister of Communications.

Though no agenda has yet been agreed, the BBC delegates will—apart from a general exchange of shop—seek to discuss jamming. They will have to do so more or less pragmatically, arguing that it is incongruous with the new approach to co-existence: their "moral" case against it has been destroyed by the British government's own action in jamming the Athens broadcasts to Cyprus.

The jamming argument is a silly rather than a vicious circle of "Please, sir, he started it" (except that there isn't a "sir" to knock their heads together). The Russians say: "But this is not normal broadcasting. You have so many powerful transmitters directed against us that it is more like a military operation." The BBC reply that they did not find it necessary to have so many transmitters until 1949, when the Russians started jamming. The Russians fall back on their basic argument that they would not jam if they were not exposed to hostile propaganda, directed against their philosophy and system.

Soviet monitors are highly competent, but to some extent the Soviet authorities probably still regard western radio as all of a piece. This may make difficulties for the BBC delegates, who will naturally not accept responsibility for the noisily partisan *bêtises* of the Voice of America and Radio Free-Europe, and take some pride in the relative objectivity and English gentility of their own propaganda. It would, however, be technically possible for the Russians to go on jamming the other two and unjam the BBC. Freedom from jamming *and* freedom from offensive radio propaganda would alike seem to be reasonable conditions of civilised international intercourse. One of the BBC delegates, incidentally, will be Mr. Anatole Goldberg, of the BBC's Russian Section—one of the jammed.

A subject of more constructive value that might come up in the Moscow talks is the possibility of extending Eurovision to cover the Soviet Union (when, presumably, another mongrel word would be coined to describe it . . . Univision?). Ignorant laymen like myself vaguely suppose that a picture must tend to become dimmer the farther it is relayed. This is not so: if you can send a picture ten miles, you can send it ten thousand miles, and any depreciation in its quality is due to temperamental failings in one or more of the radio links. "Only two things," I am told, "prevent continuous mutual television between Britain and China: politics and money."

Obviously such a process is expensive. For the Eurovision broadcast of last week's Monaco wedding, eight links were specially constructed between Monaco and Lyon, where the picture joined the regular national network—to undergo a mysterious process of conversion while crossing the straits of Dover and be seen, clearly, sharply, and simultaneously with what was being done in Monaco Cathedral, in millions of British parlours. So British viewers were able to watch this much-ballyhooed event at almost indecently close quarters—to see the bride snatch her hand from the bridegroom and force the ring over a recalcitrant knuckle, to see his Adam's-apple pulsate as he ran a finger round inside the uncomfortably tight collar of his braided uniform, to see the Host slipped on to the royal tongues and the Kelly tongues. A significant phenomenon was reported by the BBC's Miss Audrey Russell: the streets of Monaco itself were half-empty—because so many people were indoors viewing the wedding.

At least TV, unlike most of the popular press, does not glamorise such an occasion. It tends rather to debunk. Nothing that is before the camera escapes the viewer; no passing awkwardness can be glossed over in a mush of romantic verbiage. Before the wedding, for instance, we saw the bride—obviously unconscious that she was being televised—hanging about aimlessly on the palace steps, alone save for a photographer who ordered her about with brusque gestures. Then, when she had come down the steps and driven off, she was hauled back and had to do it all over again—for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. There were only two short breakdowns in transmission: by a slightly *chichi* inspiration, the BBC had provided a "We regret this breakdown" notice in wedding-invitation script with a fancy border!

If TV can debunk the pretentious, it can also popularise the worthy but little-known. Show-

jumping, once a "class" sport, now has millions of fans, thanks to TV. Unfortunately, the equestrian Olympics in June, which Britain should win, will lack on TV the immediacy of the Monaco wedding. They will have to be televised on film—because Sweden, where they are to be held, has only an experimental TV service and is not yet in Eurovision.

TOM DRIBERG

Music in Babel

FILMS *will* have everything; and if I were ever to give a lecture—which God forbid—on Essential Cinema, I should start: "Film-makers, you have an empty screen: only put on it what can't be left out." Among the things that are poured in at the moment regardless are width, colour, chat, sound, and of course music. Music had a necessary role in the days of silence, but today it's a plastic fluid useful for coating any surface and filling the cracks. What music! Good heavens, each time I sit in a cinema I am appalled by the blast that precedes the film proper; while we read carefully—so as not to miss oddities—the names of hairdressers, gown-creators, lens-makers, and so on, we are subjected to extreme torture; this may quieten somewhat with the first image—if it should be spring blossoms against the blue or the heroine wafting downstairs—but back will come the full horror when the scene requires it, treacle will alternate with roar, and even the battlefield will be out-dinned. The dialogue may have been so awful, silence so damnatory, that they have had to say to their music man "Wrap it up." How often, for example, in some supposed thriller, has the boring photograph of a man shaving or walking across a hall to a lift been accompanied by brass noises of extreme urgency: Mr. Alan Ladd needs this sort of support wherever he goes. Music, in fact, has become the covering fire of the worst cinematic attack.

The week has been for me one of music on the rampage. First there was *Carousel*, at the Carlton, a stage musical (which I missed on the stage) given the freedom of studio and shore—if it is freedom. The tunes aren't bad, they hang about for a day or two, especially the roundabout one and the burst-of-spring which has a full acrobatic ballet of girls and tars on a riverside. The hero is a lazy thug: the usual American craving for a natural man. He dies in an ill-conceived knife attack in the dark, and no great loss: no loss at all, in fact, because he turns up in some probationary Heaven, from which he is allowed one day's leave. This he employs to find his 15-year-old daughter dancing like mad on the seashore and trying, none too happily, to be the natural girl. The triumph of *Carousel* is that it makes this trite nonsense tuneful and affecting: there is quite a go in all the yearning for go. I wouldn't put it higher than that.

Magic Fire, at the Gaumont, is musical biography: Wagner's. As such things go, it is fairly accurate, far more so than the *Verdi* we saw a couple of weeks back, which stuffed in a pious deathbed, hidden choirs, and the rest of it. We get Wagner more or less as he looked (Alan Badel) and white-washed—or rather Trucolor-washed—not too fulsomely. But what a romantic life it was, and how boringly it comes out! Overtures beginning, frenzied conducting, bored listening, curtains going up and down: the opera houses are authentic, the *Ring* is achieved in a surrealist three minutes, and we are given ten bars at least of *Tristan* and the *Siegfried Idyll*. Despite these whiffs of greatness *Magic Fire* has rather less of it than *Carousel*.

Music, art, civilisation, film-making, everything is brought back into focus by *Romeo and Juliet* (at the Continentale): one can't get away at the moment from those Russians. We had seen an excerpt from Prokofiev's ballet in *Gala Festival*; here it is full, Ulanova dancing, Lev Arnstam and L. Lavrosky directing. This is by far the most exciting ballet film ever seen; Prokofiev's ancient measure melting in his way into newer tones will haunt us for ever, and the film-makers have seen to it that this master of music and movement should be worthily served by the screen. The fighting, the ball, the balcony (a dream dance), Juliet's stately refusal of Paris, the inrush upon Juliet's catalepsy, the torches and the tomb—all are boldly and exquisitely done; and this is a film, indeed, to make us wonder whether the Russians haven't had a change of heart. I had still, on my musical tour, to take in *The Vagabond King*, but indulged myself by seeing *Romeo and Juliet*—as it deserves—again.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Edward II," at the Theatre Royal, Stratford

Rarity gives to seeing Christopher Marlowe's *Edward II* a pleasure that might with repetition easily pall. It is a history with some few adjustments for dramatic purposes, but in the main its effects are gained through the constant contrast of a weak king with his fire-eating barons. On the death of Gaveston, Baron Mortimer's attitude became sinister, and the Queen's also, despite her frequent protestations of her love for the king. The abdication is dramatically and poetically very fine, and here both the actor and the producer were at their best. Miss Joan Littlewood has seen the play as a picaresque chronicle. She has mounted it on a bare stage and keeps her actors for ever on the move, gathering episodes in the murk upstage. Then, as the scene in play ends, she dissolves the one smoothly into the other. Of stage furniture she has little, relying on lighting to create moods of place and time. With her cast she was, perhaps, not quite so successful. Her Edward, Mr. Peter Smallwood, by no means the gay, attractive king of legend, resembling as he did a willowy King Lear, was so intellectualised that he barely raised his voice above a well-bred, strangled cry. He spoke the verse well but lacked light and shade. Mr. Glynn Edwards gave a powerful if unsubtle portrait of Mortimer, and Miss Avis Bunnage's Queen Isabella made it easy to appreciate Mortimer's, though not Edward's, feelings. M. C.

Correspondence

EDWARDIAN ECONOMICS

SIR,—The differences between Mr. Balogh and myself seem to be reducible to a series of propositions capable of being tested by scientific observations and analysis of the facts.

Omitting the demonstrative language, which we are all apt to use sometimes, Mr. Balogh's article states:

1. If we undertook as much productive investment as does Germany we could increase productivity so rapidly that we could meet current demands to increase wages at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, and make some price reductions into the bargain.

2. The "Edwardian Economists," however, consider that increases in investment are not really needed.

3. The individual cannot judge the community's need for investment.

4. Taxation, etc., have not slowed down economic progress.

All the evidence is against the possibility of attaining a rate of increase of productivity per man-hour of 6 per cent per year, or anything like it, except for very short periods. The figure for the U.S. is only 2¼ per cent and very few countries have ever reached a rate of increase as high as 3 per cent per annum.

The recent rapid increases in Germany (as in Russia) have been no more than a recovery from war-time devastation, and productivity per man-hour in Germany is now only just about back at pre-war level. In most other countries (except Britain!) it is now 30 to 60 per cent higher. These other countries have been investing a bigger proportion of their national product than Britain, but they nearly all have had a much greater rate of population increase to provide for, and many have had a great deal of war damage to make good. Their improvements in productivity certainly do not bear

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a direct relationship to increasing supplies of capital per head. France and Italy in particular have shown great improvements in productivity since the 1930s without exceptional investment in new capital, and with a great deal of war damage to repair. I do not regard capital investment as unimportant. But I do deny the view, which Mr. Balogh shares with the *Economist* on one hand and with Labour Party spokesmen on the other, that an increase in capital investment alone will suffice to bring about great improvements in productivity. Investment is not the sole factor in increasing production. Education, enterprise, good labour relations, willingness to work, are probably in the long run more important. And investment may often be misdirected.

It is true that the individual is sometimes not a good judge of the community's need for investment in some particular direction. His estimates, however, are as often likely to err by excess as by defect. We have wasted a good deal of capital, for instance, by over-investment in agricultural machinery. The record of public enterprises and nationalised industries in this respect is, if anything, worse. If Mr. Balogh were given an entirely free hand to plan national investment he might make a fairly good job of it. But when we look at the sort of people who, in fact, become heads of nationalised industries, we cannot feel very reassured.

Each political party in turn has claimed credit for increases in productivity since 1945, but both parties, and economists of all schools of thought, seek to evade the unpalatable fact that these increases, in sharp contrast with the experience of other countries, have only brought our real product per man-hour to slightly above the pre-war figure. In fact it is doubtful whether the quantity of consumable goods which the average British wage or salary earner is now able to buy, for each hour of work done, has increased at all since the 1930s.

In my opinion, the blame for this comparative stagnation of production in Britain must be placed upon excessive taxation. I may be wrong: the defect may be fully explainable in terms of inadequate and misdirected investment, or deep defects in our social structure and educational system which other countries do not share, or just a plain dislike for hard work on our part. But do not let this interesting discussion of possible causes distract our attention from the fact of low productivity, and the rising prices and low real wages which are its inevitable consequences.

COLIN CLARK

Agricultural Economics Research Institute,
Parks Road, Oxford.

ROGER CASEMENT

SIR,—I have just read the review in your issue of March 31 on *Roger Casement*, the book by René MacColl. I entirely agree with the writer of the article and also with the main thesis of Mr. MacColl's admirably objective book, and especially with the conclusion of both writers, that the behaviour of the Home Office throughout the whole affair was blackguardly.

As my name is on the list of what Bernard Shaw called the "Innocents," to whom copies of the notorious Black Diary was shown and who accepted it at the time in good faith, I would like to take this opportunity of saying that I now no longer believe in its authenticity.

This conclusion has been forced upon me by the negative response of the Home Office itself whenever it has been asked to produce the original documents or even to vouch for their existence.

Some of the "Innocents" who accepted it have been targets for obloquy in a considerable section of the Irish Press for nearly forty years. On the ground of about twenty words expressing my first revulsion when the "copy" of the diary was shown to me, twenty words which were incorporated in an article and issued by the propaganda machine, I have myself incurred this penalty for the whole of that period and been made to figure very prominently in the book entitled *The Forged Casement Diaries*, by William Maloney. Five years ago when the Irish Ambassador accepted an invitation to my seventieth birthday dinner, there were violent protests from his countrymen.

The refusal of the Home Office to stand by the documents with which it misled the "Innocents" is tantamount to treachery. Your article says that "if the documents were faked Admiral Hall and Basil Thomson must have been fiends incarnate and F. E. Smith an utter fool," but Admiral Hall may have been imposed upon like the rest of us. The provenance of the documents may certainly be traced to inhuman bestiality, and Basil Thomson, the chief framer of the charges, was subsequently prosecuted for a form of bestiality in one of the London parks. Nobody could call F. E. Smith a fool; but is there not something just a little fiendish in the offer of the alleged diary to the defending counsel so that Casement might escape hanging if he would plead insanity? If F. E. Smith really believed the documents to be authentic and that Casement was really insane and ought not to be hanged, the documents should have been produced. If they had been produced by the prosecution they would have been subjected to expert examination—an embarrassment which both he and the Home Office would most studiously evade.

Incidentally John Redmond, a friend of Casement's, as well as Michael Collins, President Wilson, and the Bishop of Durham to whom George V, in good faith, showed a copy of the Diary, have all been placed in this false position by the disgraceful behaviour of the department concerned.

St. Lawrence, ALFRED NOYES
Ventnor.

STATE SECURITY

SIR,—Benn Levy's criticisms of the findings of the conference of Privy Councillors can be substantiated completely. The additional civil right accorded an employee in private industry has no substance whatever. Such an employee would be much safer in relying on the strength of his trade union than on the consideration of his case by the advisory tribunal, most members of which couldn't distinguish between a Communist, a Socialist, a Welsh Radical, a Fascist, or a Red Herring.

Stripped of all flummery, it is the work of M.I.5, or other secret agencies, that decides the issue of removing a person from secret work. The minister is brought in when the case has been built up to the satisfaction of the experts in this slimy work. By the time an M.P. is in a position to challenge a minister any case can be made a stone-bonker, or, in Privy Councillor's jargon, "established to the minister's satisfaction." Nor is Benn Levy's reference to a Communist grandmother so extravagant as Mr. Strauss suggests by his clever diversion to the restrictive case of a person who shares a bed with a spouse. Does Mr. Strauss deny that one's relationship with a Communist grandmother would be officially regarded as "evidence of Communist associations?"

The following incident illustrates that my alarm is justified: A major, decorated for bravery and commended by very big brass hats, resumed his duties in the Post Office as a supervising officer after 1945. For nearly ten years he was constantly praised for the excellence of his work. His efficiency and zeal proved to be his undoing. In 1954 his controlling officer insisted, despite his reluctance, that he take over part of a colleague's load—responsibility for the telecommunications in a certain military establishment. Within a few weeks he was suspended from duty and sent home. Within a few hours his home was besieged by newspaper reporters in person and by telephone. His wife collapsed under the strain and became seriously ill. The scandal subsequently lost him his seat on the executive council of his trade union.

Having had his name besmirched, his home-life shattered and having nearly lost his wife by death, he was permitted to resume his duties, minus the responsibility for the military establishment's telephones which he had previously tried to decline. The instruments employed in this disgraceful episode—M.I.5 and other underground organisations. The reason advanced for it—suspected association with Communists. The only facts that could be regarded as causes? Membership of a film society that included Communist, Tories, Liberals, Socialists, and Nothingarians. Additionally, a sister-in-law (not a grandmother, Mr. Strauss) living a hundred or so miles away who was once thought to be associated with Communists.

On my mantelpiece is a photograph of a group of people including this victim, a Tory borough councillor, a Liberal ex-parliamentary candidate, and me. Tell me, Mr. Strauss, if you were my minister, with such irrefutable evidence before you, with which party would you consider my association and sympathies were so close as to warrant further investigation about my loyalty to the country for which I and my forefathers have fought and worked for centuries?

Rosehill, R. L. FAGG
Romford Road,
Tunbridge Wells.

NEW HOPE IN KENYA

SIR,—I would like to support the many points made by Mrs. Castle in her letter dealing with Mr. Paget's article on Kenya.

There is one further aspect of the problem of rehabilitation which should be mentioned. Detainees are suspects detained under the emergency regulations. Although Mr. Paget refers to them as suspects he seems to share the Kenya Government's bland assumption that all are guilty. We have no way of knowing how many are guilty of nothing but political nationalism and a desire for freedom.

If it is contended that the number of confessions is a guide let us remember the revelations made in your columns on March 17 as to the manner in which "free and public" confessions are sought. In that case it was suggested confession was the only way to avoid indefinite imprisonment, and hardship to the prisoner's family was used as a further means of persuasion. Confessions obtained by such methods, however eloquent, do not appear to be of value as evidence or set up a moral standard which bodes well for Kenya's future.

11 Sylvan Place, MARY KLOPPER
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DISARMAMENT FORMULAS

SIR,—Your leading article of March 24 seems to suppose that disarmament could be achieved by some astute variation of the formula currently being canvassed at the disarmament conferences of the U.N. I believe you are wrong because two basic fallacies underlie such a supposition. First, if controls are to be effective, they must be enforced by an authority which has a paramountcy of power: in other words, effective control spells out the surrender of sovereignty. But when a nation surrenders its sovereignty it also surrenders the right and the power to defend itself by its own armed forces *in any and every circumstance*.

The second fallacy is the assumption that supra-national controls are of a technical kind based on inspection teams and geiger-counters. In fact, governmental control is seldom, if ever, effective for purely technical reasons. Its effectiveness hinges upon a political condition: the fact that the regulation—which is the control—is a law on a statute book which reaches right down to the individual person.

If disarmament is to be effective the supra-national controlling authority must have a monopoly of force which is always greater than the power-potential of all of the disarmed nations. Furthermore, the disarmament regulation will need to be a law which can be applied directly to every citizen. Now it follows that any supra-national authority having this immense power will never be politically acceptable unless it is "civilised" by the process of placing above it a representative political assembly. This implies that any supra-national authority able to control and effect disarmament must be a federal parliament. Nothing less will suffice.

The idea that the world can move inch by inch towards effective disarmament by a series of agreements based on the retention of national sovereignty is absurd. This is because nations arm not because they fear the existing forces of another nation or collection of nations, but because they fear what these nations might decide to do with their power-potentials in future and unforeseeable circumstances. In other words, even if all the nations of the world were to agree to cut their arms by 90 per cent., *unless there also existed over them an all-powerful controlling authority able to keep them disarmed*, the fears would still exist. Recollect that in 1930 Britons feared Germany not because Germany at that date was armed—she was not—but because some Britons knew that if a German demagogue arose he could develop Germany's economic power-potential into an aggressive machine which Britain would then have to destroy. This merely illustrates what I have said above, that disarmament combined with national sovereignty is an illusion. Yet not one of the delegates has ever contemplated the only possible solution, namely, the creation of some supra-national Federal Union. Until this is squarely faced nothing effective can be achieved. HENRY USBORNE

House of Commons.

LEN WINCOTT

SIR,—John M. Bloom is mistaken in suggesting that there is "no definite information regarding the exact whereabouts" of Len Wincott since 1934. Wincott served in the Red Fleet during the war and was in Leningrad during much of the siege. Arriving in Leningrad in early February, 1944, just after the siege had been lifted, I heard some of his adventures, of which a brief account appears in my book *A Window in Moscow* (pp. 73-74). During the first winter of the siege, Wincott went one evening to the Leningrad Writers Club. "In the library" (I quote) "he found several elderly gentlemen seated in the chairs. One or two more literary folk were lying on the floor, dead. On closer inspection Wincott found that several of the seated figures were dead too. Others were so listless from starvation that they did not move. Wincott hauled the dead bodies downstairs and stacked them in the yard, where they froze stiff and so remained in a merciful state of preservation until the snow thawed. He took water and a towel—there was, of course, no soap—and washed the starving men who were too weak to clean themselves; brushed them and dressed them tidily and, returning to his ship, brought what food he could spare for the survivors. He then sent a message to the writers of Moscow to tell them that their brethren in Leningrad were *in extremis* and in due course help arrived from the capital."

27 Markham Street, S.W.3. ALARIC JACOB

RELUCTANT ROBESPIERRE

SIR,—In your profile of Guy Mollet you say: "Blum . . . had filled the vacant posts with his nominees, men like Daniel Mayer." This is not true. Mayer played an outstanding role in the Socialist underground movement and in the Resistance. He was general secretary of the Socialist Party throughout the war. When, after liberation, the Socialists held their first conference, Mayer was re-elected general secretary, and at this time Léon Blum was still a Nazi prisoner. The whole history of the French Socialist Party, and especially the 1946 congress, when Mayer ceased to be secretary despite Blum's whole-hearted support, shows that Blum could not "fill" vacant posts, even if he had wished.

London, N.6. DANIEL NORMAN

LOOKING FORWARD

SIR,—It's not cricket! Art is not a gentlemanly contest between competing stylistic teams with the prize of exhibitions in Bond Street for the winning side. And when Mr. Nicolson in his otherwise most generous review of the *Looking Forward* exhibition says that the fight for realism is now almost won, he underestimates what is being fought for. Even if he is right when he says that some of the artists now at Camberwell will show in Bond Street within a year (four of the most outstanding have all failed during the last year), this means nothing except that a few landlords will be surer of their rent from their artist tenants. We are not fighting for a few individual successes, but for the status of all talented artists: for their economic right to be able to work full-time as artists: for their social right to belong to society as a whole—to exhibit in Camden Town as well as Bruton Place, W.1.

Mr. Nicolson admires a harsh painting of some tenement dwellers by Leslie Duxbury because he believes it to be so true. We are also fighting to make such pictures untrue. This fight will continue for years, perhaps for generations. Those who oppose us may scowl at one moment and smile invitingly at the next. This is unimportant. We are not fighting for "the unconditional surrender" of our opponents. We are fighting for unconditional justice, and the nature of man is such that this justice cannot exist without art.

Newland, Glos. JOHN BERGER

AN ORGY AT CLARIDGES

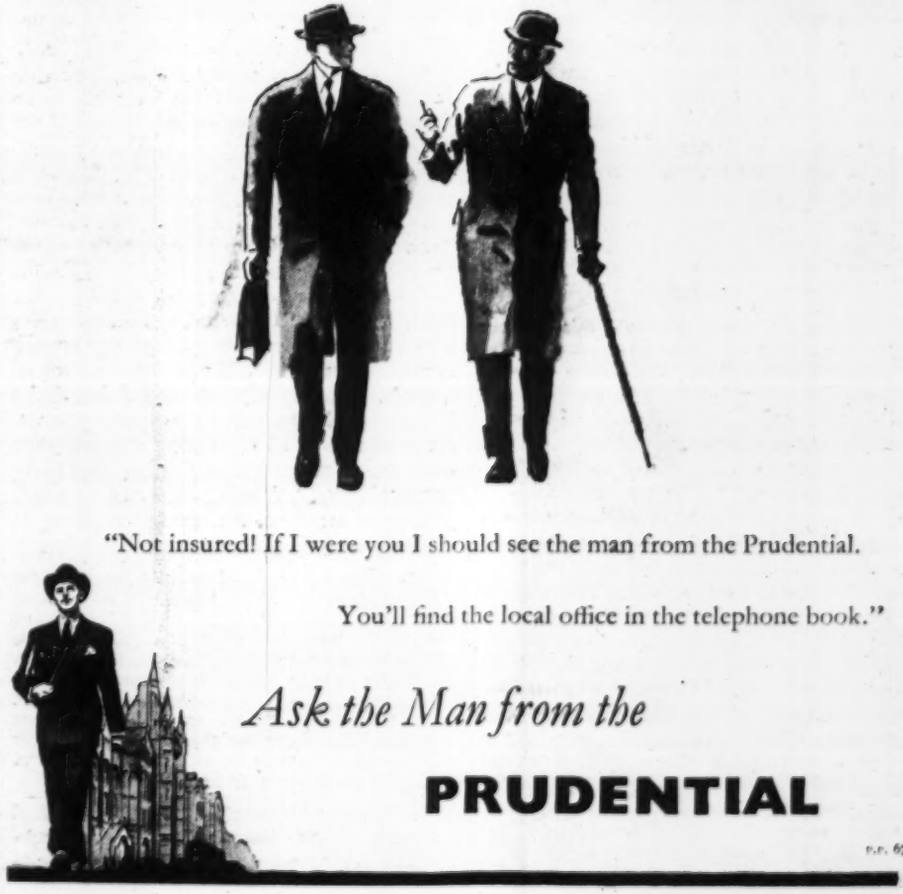
SIR,—Mr. Driberg's exciting report of watching a television play with me is, though accurately reported, not precisely keyed. As recorded, I appear technically minded, anti-Russian and condescending to British effort. I am none of these things. What Mr. Driberg with characteristic compassion did not mention was that I was splendidly drunk (ah, the orgies we have at Claridges these days!) and my occasional remarks were not always to the fast-receding point. Actually, because there was a dizzying amount of shifting between Fr. Huddleston and the play, I got the impression that the good priest was being brain-washed before our eyes. . . . In any case, it is quite possible the play in question was excellent. I shall never know.

Claridges, Brook Street, W.1. GORE VIDAL

COLOSSEUM

SIR,—I think my old friend Rayner Heppenstall's memory may be at fault in his recent article about the Thirties. *Colosseum* did not have one overriding policy, which is scarcely surprising as contributors, living and dead, included Eric Gill, Berdyaev, Christopher Dawson, Maritain, Léon Bloy, Ernst Toller, Henri Massis, Mauriac and Valéry.

The Twentieth Century, 1 Orsett Terrace, London, W.2. BERNARD WALL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BOOKS IN GENERAL

England's on the Anvil!

THE time is Nineteen-Eightish, the scene the Duke of Westminster's country seat in Cheshire. It is late afternoon on a crisp, snow-bound day and the birds have refused to rise. The Duke and his party, a weary, disgruntled band of sportsmen, are tramping homewards. Suddenly, on the brow of a hill, the Duke halts, exclaiming "Where's Winston?" Everyone turns to look back. Below them a line of beaters, each clad in the Duke's scarlet, extends itself across the snow. In the midst of them, a little in front, his coat thrown round his shoulders like a military cloak, his cap set at an historic angle, his face furrowed with defeat and destiny, plods the young President of the Board of Trade. "Good God!" murmurs an American guest, "he thinks he's ——"

The only merit of this absurd story is the core of subjective truth enshrined in it. All his adult life—ever since, as a subaltern in Bangalore, he read Gibbon in the intervals between drill and polo—Sir Winston has been the slave of his historical imagination. It is, as Mr. Isaiah Berlin has well said, "the single, central, organising principle of his universe," an imagination "so strong, so comprehensive, as to encase the whole of the present and the whole of the future in the framework of a rich and multi-coloured past . . . the units out of which his world is constructed are simpler and larger than life." Heaven knows that each of us in these islands has cause to bless Sir Winston's obsession. To it we owe in some measure at least our lives and liberties. No wonder, then, that his view of British history, his sense of the English-speaking peoples' recurrent and invariable date with destiny, should be rich and multi-coloured, at once simpler and far larger than life.

As he says in the preface to this first volume of his chronicle:*

> This book does not seek to rival the works of professional historians. It aims rather to present a personal view on the problems whereby English-speaking peoples throughout the world have achieved their distinctive position and character. I write about the things in our past that appear significant to me, and I do so as one not without some experience of historical and violent events in our time.

Eight pages further on, the veteran of Omdurman and the Malakand Field Force, Gandhi's opponent, Denikin's impresario, makes a staggering disclaimer. "It is not intended," he writes, "to stir a new spirit of mastery, or create a mood in the study of history which would favour national ambition at the expense of world peace". Coming from the Eldest Statesman of a declining Empire, whose prestige—not in the Middle East alone but throughout the world at large—is lower than at any period since 1939, such a remark sounds strangely anachronistic. There is a feeling of Snug the joiner shaking his lion's mane about the passage.

One is apt to forget that most of this book was written before the war, and that, as a result, it has a freshness and spontaneity denied to all but the first two volumes of the *War Memoirs*. As with all Sir Winston's later books, there have been the usual whispers of ghostly *expertise*. No doubt he has worked his dons as strenuously as he did his Lindemanns and other boffins during the war. (We can imagine the stream of Doric inquiries that flowed from Chartwell: "Pray furnish me on a half-sheet of foolscap details of the relative strengths of horse, foot, cross- and long-bowmen in the Abbeville sector on the morning of August 26, 1346".) But Sir Winston has never been one to believe in the expert having the last word. In his heart of hearts he probably regards even a historian of Mr. G. M. Young's distinction as no more than "Bede, a monk of high ability". He may have used the pundits to keep him on the rails where Mortmain, the Common Law or the Third Statute of Westminster were concerned, but he certainly stands no nonsense from them when it comes down to what he calls the "gleaming toys" of his saga, such as Alfred and the cakes or Bruce and the spider. Re-telling the story of "Fair Rosamond" and the maze at Woodstock, he declares, "tiresome investigators have undermined this excellent tale, but it certainly should find its place in any history worthy of the name". His own personality shines out clear on every page.

He carries us, at a rumbustious pace, from the Old Stone Age to the field of Bosworth, leaving us breathless, exhausted by the grandeur of his clichés, in "the glare of a new day". Putting down this weighty 400-page volume, the reader feels that he has been on some bizarre but invigorating assault course. Sir Winston sounds his tucket and off we go, through the historical hoops. The P.T. Sergeants—Alfred, Canute, the Conqueror—shake their mailed fists at us, shouting "Pick it up! Get a move on!" Quite early on in the narrative the reader comes to identify himself with the long-suffering commons of England, the P.B.I. of Hastings, Tinchebrai and Crécy, realising that, along with a host of churls and villeins stretching from Palæolithic days to the crack of doom beyond the wildest dreams of Orwell, he is mere gun-fodder for the historical process. He is part of G. K. Chesterton's agglutinative proletariat, "the people of England that never have spoken yet", though he may, if he is lucky, earn a generalised sentimental mention in despatches.

> How, we may ask, did all this affect the daily life of England and her history? A series of personal feudal struggles fought in distant lands, the quarrels of an alien ruling class, were little understood and less liked by the common folk. Yet these things long burdened their pilgrimage. For many generations their bravest and best were to fight and die by the marshes of the Loire or under the sun-baked hills of Southern France in pursuit of the dream of English dominion over French soil.

Sir Winston is generous with his individual accolades. Few wartime honours lists submitted from Downing Street were ever so inclusive. No hero in fact or legend is forgotten, no brave or magnanimous action goes unrecorded. Richard's Blondel, Ivo Taillefer, King Arthur—they are all here, along with Wallace and the Maid, Cassivelaun and Boadicea ("relished by the learned as Boudicca"). Other Ranks—such as the "common humble blacksmith" who refused to put fetters on Hubert de Burgh—receive the B.E.M. Writing of Coeur-de-Lion's death at the hands of a French bowman, Sir Winston concludes:

> . . . he ordered the archer who had shot the fatal bolt . . . to be brought before him. He pardoned him and made him a gift of money. For seven years he had not confessed for fear of being compelled to be reconciled to Philip, but now he received the offices of the Church with sincere and exemplary piety, and died in the forty-second year of his age on April 6, 1199, worthy, by the consent of all men, to sit with King Arthur and Roland and other heroes of martial romance at some Eternal Round Table, which we trust the Creator of the Universe in His comprehension will not have forgotten to provide.
>
> The archer was flayed alive.

The blend of high romance, historical imagination and brute reality—a mixture that is the clue to so much in Sir Winston's character—makes this passage among the most revealing in the book.

As one would expect, the military history is vividly handled. "It is the primary right of men to fight and die for the land they live in", proclaims Sir Winston, and he writes approvingly of Palaeolithic England that "it is said that the whole of Southern Britain could in this period support upon its game no more than seven hundred families. Seven hundred families, all this fine estate, and no work but sport and fighting. Already man had found out that a flint was better than a fist. . . ." He is preoccupied with strategic and defence problems—the *Classis Brittanica*, Hadrian's Wall, Offa's Dyke, King Alfred's "mobile field army", the construction of Viking warships and the sovereign virtues of the long-bow. And how he exults in the battles! One can almost feel him sniffing the air as a Stamford Bridge or a Crécy heaves in sight.

Though he discovers virtues in Edward II and writes shrewdly of Richard of Bordeaux, Sir Winston's assessment of character is on the whole Carlylean. He is obsessed with the heroes of English history, the master-builders of "British life, character and fame," fighters and lawgivers such as Henry II and Edward I. But Carlyle is only one model. Gibbon and Macaulay complete the triad of historians who have moulded Sir Winston's views and style. "This doctrine", he writes of the Pelagian heresy, "consisted in assigning an undue importance to free will and cast a consequential slur upon the doctrine of original sin. It thus threatened to deprive mankind of an essential part of our inheritance". This is the best kind of Gibbonian irony. Again, describing the spread of Christianity, he declares that: "Everywhere, from the Euphrates to the Boyne, old gods were forsworn, and a priest of Christ could travel far and wide, finding in every town an understanding brotherhood and a universal if sometimes austere hospitality"—a sentence that would not look out of place in the *Literary and Historical Essays*. Elsewhere he

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* *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples. Vol. I: The Birth of Britain.* By WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. Cassell. 30s.

indulges his own brand of genial cynicism, writing of the expulsion of the Jews under Edward I that "exception was made for certain physicians without whose skill persons of consequence might have lacked due attention".

Half the fun of this book lies in listening to the echoes of Sir Winston's own times and career reverberating from historical events. "There followed the most shameful period of Danegeld"—and the long succeeding paragraph might be a fable of Appeasement. "The lights of Saxon England were going out, and in the gathering darkness a gentle, grey-bearded prophet foretold the end", is a reminder of Sir Edward Grey at his window in Whitehall as much as of the Confessor ("a kindly, weak, chubby albino", as Sir Winston intimately describes him). "The country was full of broken soldiers, disbanded from the war" harks back to the sombre 1919 chapters of *The Aftermath* as well as to the summer of 1381 and for at least one reader the phrase "there were easy prizes for sharp swords to win" recalls Sir Winston's old ally, Lord Birkenhead, as much as it does the Vikings.

What is his interpretation of our rough island story? Certainly, his is not the conventional 'Whig' view, still less is it the Tory conception parodied so brilliantly in Mr. A. J. P. Taylor's essay on Dr. Feiling's *History of England*—out-of-date news being filtered a great distance to an isolated country house. Sir Winston has been near the dynamo of power for far too long to make this kind of mistake. His sins, such as they are, are mainly of omission. "History", Dr. Berenson has remarked, "is an art which must not neglect the known facts". Sir Winston has ignored a great many facts in this book, but, as he says in his introduction, he has not set out to write a formal history of England, only to give a "personal view" of that history as he sees it. His readers will find the kind of facts that are missing in his narrative easily enough in Stenton, Powicke, Southern and the rest, and in a more popular form in the pages of Dr. Trevelyan's *Social History*.

He is obviously no medievalist and we can expect a far more personal view to emerge in his later volumes—or at least in those dealing with 1688 onwards. Yet all popular history is based upon myth of some kind, and while reading this book I have tried hard to make up my mind as to what Sir Winston's myth of English history really is. A widely dissimilar book that happened to be at hand has furnished a clue. It is the version of English history used in the lower forms of my preparatory school: *A School History of England*, by C. R. L. Fletcher and Rudyard Kipling, published at the Clarendon Press in 1911. Mr. Fletcher wrote the history, Kipling composed the rousing poems that illustrated it and some anonymous artist enriched the whole with eleven unforgettable and gaudy coloured plates. "This book", wrote Fletcher and Kipling in their preface, "is written for all boys and girls who are interested in the story of Great Britain and her Empire". It is a 1911 true-blue but forward-looking version of the story and it tallies exactly with the tale that Sir Winston tells in his book. "The Norman Conquest of 1066 was the beginning of the history of the English race as one people and

N. N. Sukhanov

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HEINEMANN

of England as a great power in Europe", writes Mr. Fletcher, and Kipling interposes:

> England's on the Anvil!—hear the hammers ring—
> Clanging from the Severn to the Tyne!
> Never was a blacksmith like our Norman King—
> England's being hammered, hammered, hammered into line!

The history that we first learn is the history that most of us remember. Personally, I am grateful to Sir Winston for writing this book, not only because it is a remarkable literary achievement on the part of the greatest living Englishman, but in a more personal Proustian sense, because it has brought back to memory that whole heap of historical myth and magic that once accumulated, along with the Cotswold arrow-heads and the coloured supplements, in the class-room where the summer flies buzzed long ago.

JOHN RAYMOND

The Petrov Story

Empire of Fear. By VLADIMIR and EVDOKIA PETROV. *Deutsch.* 18*s.*

Although much of the material contained in this book—the Petrovs' revelations on Burgess and Maclean, for example, and the evidence they provided the Australian Royal Commission on Espionage—has already been published, it remains of major interest to all students of the Soviet Union. Here is the case-history of two officials in the M.V.D., the central organ in the Soviet terror machine. It describes their upbringing, their training, their work in Moscow during the height of the great purges, their intelligence activities in Sweden and Australia. *Empire of Fear* is a precious document because it is the personal record of two among the few hundred thousand men and women who hold the Communist world together.

For—make no mistake about it—the Petrovs were typical of their kind. They did not balance the two halves of the world in the scales of their own judgment and find Communism wanting. They did not "choose freedom." Hatred of tyranny, love of democracy played no part in their decision to seek political asylum in Australia. They went because their own personal little game was up, and because they knew that if they consented to return to Moscow they faced almost certain execution. During their earlier work with the M.V.D. they never, for one instant, showed the least qualm in performing their odious tasks. For years, during the Thirties, Petrov cheerfully decoded and transmitted cables which sent tens of thousands of innocent persons to their deaths. He stood by impassively while colleagues were accused and sentenced, joined dutifully in their denunciation. On his own admission, he had a profound admiration and respect for his Ambassador in Stockholm, Mme Kollontai; but, as an M.V.D. official, he systematically obtained evidence which led to her recall by opening her safe and photographing the personal memoirs she was writing. His wife, too, was not always the frightened, helpless woman shown in the photographs of her dramatic escape at Darwin airport. Throughout her long professional career she was a hard, unscrupulous and highly successful agent. In one chapter, she describes, in nauseating detail, her attempts (mercifully unsuccessful) to corrupt a young girl employed in the Swedish Foreign Office into betraying official secrets. Elsewhere, her complaints against Moscow—barring the passages of professional anti-Communism which seem to have been injected into the narrative—were limited to criticisms of the stupidity at headquarters which prevented her from spinning her web of poison more effectively.

It was, paradoxically, the enthusiasm of the Petrovs, their ruthless efficiency, which proved their undoing. They were sent out to Canberra as a husband-and-wife team, occupying ostensibly subordinate positions, but in reality controlling the M.V.D. network, one of whose duties was to spy on the embassy staff. Not surprisingly, they were hated by the other diplomats, not least by the Ambassador, an amorous buffoon who made advances to Mrs. Petrov and was coldly rebuffed. Then, in July, 1953, Beria was summarily executed in Moscow. The influence and power of the M.V.D. dropped abruptly, and the Ambassador immediately seized his advantage and dispatched a report to Moscow accusing the Petrovs of forming a "Beria circle." It was this which led eventually to Petrov's recall and hence to his desertion. Even so, he delayed the moment of decision until he was sure that the Australian authorities were prepared to provide comfortably for his material existence and, in particular, to give him a lump sum of £5,000. Fear and money—these were the forces which drove the Petrovs into the arms of the West.

How does the Soviet system create creatures so devoid of human and moral values, so exclusively activated by the motives which Marx claimed to be the mainsprings of society? Here, again, the Petrovs' story provides the answer. Both of them owed everything to Communism; both were formed in its own image. Petrov was the son of a Siberian peasant, living in ignorance, poverty and semi-savagery in the heart of the Tsarist Empire. His wife was also the daughter of a peasant, an unwanted child who, at the age of five, saw her mother forced to beg. Their childhood coincided with the first years of the revolution; to them, the Communist Party represented progress, enlightenment and hope. Its network of youth groups—Pioneers and Komsomols—brought to both an undreamed-of opportunity to learn to read and write, to pass miraculous holidays at camps on the Black Sea, to obtain diplomas, appointments, to acquire culture and enjoy a leisured way of life. To them, the Soviet State was not a generator of terror and lies, but a benevolent *deus ex machina*, which enabled a peasant to climb into the security and dignity of the professional middle class. It had an overwhelming claim on their loyalties; they, a vested interest in its survival. And all over the Communist world the story of the Petrovs is being repeated: an entire generation of technocrats and administrators, of engineers, doctors, soldiers, diplomats, lawyers, has been raised up from the dregs of pre-revolutionary society. As a result, the Communist middle class is composed not of potential liberals, muttering covertly against the horrors of a police state, but of the children of peasants and miners rejoicing in the benefits of a new society created for their convenience.

But Communism, in raising up this new class, has exacted a terrible price. Leaving aside the anti-Communist clichés, inserted to render the *Empire of Fear* acceptable to a western audience, there is not a single sentence in the Petrovs' book which reveals any awareness, not merely of formal religious values, but of the deeper human instincts for morality, truth and decency. Here, in this sordid story, the spiritual sterility of Communist civilisation is revealed. Along with the Petrovs, Communism has proliferated a race of moral inarticulates, friendly, ordinary folk, no doubt, touchingly grateful for the benefits their new society has conferred, hard-working, anxious to live in peace with the West, but oblivious to any scale of values not directly related to desire and self-preservation. The *Voice of America* and all those other clumsy organs of western propaganda are thus wasting their time. The Communist empire will never be destroyed by appeals to the love of freedom and justice of its inhabitants. The Petrovs deserted because their lives were in danger and their material future jeopardised. Communism will survive unless and until the West can prove that similar threats menace all its inhabitants. However, as Stalin's successors gradually dismantle his mechanism of terror, and as Soviet industry inches towards the production levels of the West, the prospect is becoming increasingly remote.

PAUL JOHNSON

The Elate Mr. P.

Collected Stories. By V. S. PRITCHETT. *Chatto & Windus.* 20*s.*

If he appeared in the stories—and he does, I think, in a few not here—it would be as Mr. P. Who, what is he? Not easy to say. Something Wellsian about him, something Laurentian, but quite different from either: a little man grown not so much big as alive, with an electricity that doesn't short-circuit. That's as I have always thought of him, a Mr. Polly transformed, and so he seems to me after finishing his *Collected Stories* (which, by the way, aren't complete). To place the stories is far simpler: they are quite the best since Lawrence's.

I turned to the last first, "Sense of Humour." This seemed to me, when I read and reviewed it during the war, Mr. P. on his toes. Every writer has—to horizontalise things—his length. Pritchett's is the longish short story. Then his gifts are for the vernacular, whether in speech or narrative; and he warms to those for whom the mandarin keeps a cold mitt. "The young man carbuncular arrives, with one bold stare," in Eliot, but doesn't really arrive, because that's the beginning and end of him. In Pritchett he would arrive, would stay, alarm, cheer, fascinate. The young man of "Sense of Humour" is, if not carbuncular, one of the low. Travels—with samples, of course. Drinks tea, flirts at counters, attends chapel because that's good for the Monday morning calls. "Sense of Humour" is his world and love story, told as it might be by himself. He finds this girl at the hotel desk, it's raining, three lumps of sugar have gone into his tea.

> "My father was on the railway," she said.
> "The engine gave a squeal," I said. "The driver took out his pocket-knife and scraped him off the wheel."
> "That's it," she said. "And what's your father's business? You said he had a business."
> "Undertaker," I said.
> "Undertaker?" she said.
> "Why not?" I said. "Good business. Seasonable like everything else. High-class undertaker." I said.

She stares, not quite knowing what to say—and her speechlessness is ours—before bursting into laughter. Irish, she explains. He sees. Sense of humour.

The undertaker's son has a masterful way, and courts her in the firm's Morris. Her late boy-friend, always passing them on a new motor-bike, sitting in the beauty spot, is soon late indeed. The news comes (when they are having tea at the undertaker's) that he has been killed on the road—following them again! Poor Colin: crying for him she gives in to her lover. Then comes the nicety of taking Colin back to his mother. It would cost no more than by train if they drove him themselves; and so they set off. The long black car tends to go too fast, people take their hats off, such an exhilaration bubbles up that at last he has to tell her to keep her sense of humour to herself. So, in a dark honeymoon mood, it ends. Its particular triumph is a wiry realism, the joy of hedge-hopping with a writer who, while down to earth, is never quite on it.

The book starts with another story in its way as good: "The Sailor," picked up in the Euston Road and dumped in a "horror of fields" and wooed by a hard-drinking Colonel's daughter (no Colonel, as it turns out). Its revelation of dumb yearnings and a ramshackle countryside is startling; every detail bursts on us as vividly as the old sailor himself in the "stringing rain, as if he were breaking through the bead curtain of a Pernambuco bar." He vanishes as he came into the yellow London rain and the traffic which makes way for him.

Between these two stories come thirty-five others, some slighter and some rounder, but all crackling with the Pritchett energy. Energy, an unflagging sympathy with human slyness, effort, and volubility are his particular gift. The milk-

man whose horse has eaten away the hedge outside the house where every morning he stays longer than it needs to drink coffee; two workmen zigzagging with a double divan through the night, and the bed's saga gradually unfolded; the two ladies' tale, over the gin, of a flea out of Dockland, by which, one might say, they are all un-Donne; other inhabitants or visitants of pubs (on which he is specially good); poor Miss Baker sitting on the pavement, and on the verge of discovering her God—she must have taken some getting near to, yet her obscure passion is made appealing; English manias, the glow of fanaticism or money, adolescence prolonged into oddity, sex sprouting in the wrong places, the ruined countryside and the sad street—what an eye and an ear for particularity he has in all these! No one else would have touched us tenderly with the ham-pink roof of a bungalow or a crab-coloured cottage; and his discoveries in the lights and shades of human drabness are even more acute. The least things or persons come out at us from a background in depth. No houses without backs, or people either. "Mr. Sanders with a red carnation in his buttonhole, squeezing his little legs together with glee, like a house-fly in the sun, in the midst of three women and not sitting next to his wife" brings a pub bench into action. The right words start something being and doing. And that, ideally, every sentence in a Pritchett story does.

He is also, of course, an elate reporter, who can—and does—make a visit to the dentist or the hairdresser sing. The journalising Mr. P. and the writer wed to the seamy side of respectability are quite close. Occasionally one may be aware of him urging himself on, squeezing into others a sensibility that is his, but not often.

I notice, by the way, that even stories I have long admired, such as "Sense of Humour," seem to have improved. There may have been some re-touching; but isn't it we who have gained, not the stories? We have become educated to a talent.

G. W. STONIER

An English Intellectual

Further Speculations. By T. E. HULME Edited by SAM HYNES. *Oxford.* 36*s.*

In most periods England has had no intelligentsia, in the sense of a clearly marked class or self-conscious group of intellectuals, such as existed in Russia in the last century and in France at almost any time. Even Earl Attlee's abusive noun "intellectual," is applied in England in a rather less specialised sense than elsewhere, since it includes such cogs in the social machine as university lecturers, men who have regular and productive employment and little time to waste in free and dangerous speculation. Many explanations of this healthy English immunity have been suggested. Perhaps it is partly because there are no *cafés*, or other prominent places, where intellectuals might idly congregate, as elsewhere in Europe. But probably the credit should go to the great English boarding schools; for they have generally tried to discourage, at least among the middle classes, any intellectual ebullition that does not serve the needs of government or of the professions. Those who wish to abolish or dilute the public schools are tampering with a valuable breakwater; the political parties might then find themselves harassed by really awkward intellectuals, untamed.

There were ominous signs of an intelligentsia forming in the time of Godwin and Shelley; and there have been outbreaks, mostly small ones, since then. One of them, before the first world war, centred on T. E. Hulme, Mr. Ezra Pound, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, the Imagists. Reading their works now, one can discern a small, uncoordinated movement of revolt against philistinism by a group which was no less marked in manner and mood than were the aesthetes of the

Wilfrid Blunt

SEBASTIANO

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HAMISH HAMILTON

Nineties (certainly not intellectuals) or the friends of Roger Fry. They formed that swashbuckling, angry bohemia which is partly reflected in Mr. Wyndham Lewis's novels and reminiscences. Despising liberalism and democracy, self-consciously virile and also hearty in a rather exasperated way, they seem to have enjoyed violence and polemics; and they sometimes wandered into a kind of intellectual Fascism, a peculiar Soho Fascism of their own. Their natural style was the furious, metallic hammering of Mr. Wyndham Lewis's and Mr. Pound's essays, as of giants who believed themselves to be living among effete and indifferent pygmies.

T. E. Hulme has this style, and although a minor figure alongside Mr. Epstein and Mr. Pound, he is exactly representative of that particular time and mood. Mr. Epstein wrote in praise of him: "He was capable of kicking a theory as well as a man downstairs when the occasion demanded." He was an aggressive intellectual middleman, a broker or agent of ideas. He was made a name and a symbol in literary history largely by the authority of Mr. Eliot, and the substance of his own achievement is not obvious. He brought into England the aesthetic theories of Bergson, Worringer and Lipps, and these were the ideas often echoed in the *Criterion* in the Twenties and Thirties. He wrote nothing that had not been better expressed by Bergson himself or by Maurras and Sorel, but he did expound their unpleasant ideas. He was an outpost in England of that repudiation of reason denounced in *La Trahison des Clercs*: "I am more than a Conservative, I am a reactionary." His collected essays, *Speculations* and now *Further Speculations*, seem to me interesting largely as documents of their period, the period of Marinetti and the Futurists in Italy and *L'Action Française* in France. Hulme felt himself to be the interpreter in England of the European movement of modern art, and particularly of abstract art. He was arguing for the autonomy of the arts, which are not to be judged or improved by intellectual processes. He had been convinced by Bergson that the mind has a superior power of intuition, and of the direct apprehension of significant images, a power which needs no rational justification. In his excellent introduction to this volume Mr. Hynes admits that Hulme could not make his slogans clear, that he was a propagandist of ideas rather than a philosopher. He had simply seized on Bergson's criticisms of scientific thought as weapons to attack the bogies called materialism and rationalism.

But it still remains true that Hulme had raised serious questions, about which he cared deeply himself, or so it seems, on the evidence of these essays alone: Why do poetry and the visual arts seem important in a scientific age? What is the relation of the creation and enjoyment of art to the intellect? Why does modern art seem discontinuous with the past? He brought from France into England a new discussion of these old questions, a discussion which was later to be continued by Mr. Eliot, Mr. I. A. Richards and many others. Then in 1917 he was killed fighting on the Western Front.

Printed at the end of this collection of articles is a controversy between Hulme and Earl Russell about pacifism. Suddenly Hulme appears in a new light, clear and almost convincing. In this concrete situation, he knew exactly what he believed. He goes straight to the weaknesses of Russell's liberalism—the underlying belief in the inevitability of progress and the colossal equivocation of the phrase, "The only things worth fighting for are things of the spirit, but these things are not subject to force." This was the type of abstract reasoning which Hulme had always hated and which he had wrongly supposed to be the basis of liberal opinions. Mr. Hynes reprints both sides of the controversy from the *Cambridge Magazine* of 1916, and certainly it explains why men at that time were turning away from optimistic doctrines of progress and inevitable enlightenment, and why *la trahison des clercs*, the repudiation of abstract argument, was a natural reaction to that liberal complacency which would not notice the realities of force. The climax of the volume is Hulme's "Diary from the Trenches"; away from ideas and with his pessimism justified, he writes quietly, vividly and with great simplicity of ordinary life at the front. He was still "in favour of this war" but "I don't have an ounce of bellicosity left." The book as a whole therefore makes a story of an intellectual, of unfulfilled intentions, during the years leading into war, a fragmentary story, which still illustrates a European movement of thought. T. E. Hulme really was an intellectual, unattached to any craft or skill, pursuing ideas, and therefore in England an eccentric, still remembered.

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(New York Times Book Review)

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How Common Are You?

Noblesse Oblige. By NANCY MITFORD and Others. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The subject—sociological linguistics, U-usage and all that—is most fascinating; also incredibly complicated. It cuts across philology, psychology, sociology, politics, economics; it demands a scholar's knowledge of history as well as meticulous insight into one's own class origins. Its roots extend all over the place in space and time: to the formation of the super-ego in infancy (tip: never go to an analyst who is commoner than you are yourself: it is simply throwing the fees down the drain) and to the slow conquest of power by the middle classes in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. One word, one accent even, can take you all the way from Nanny—if you had a Nanny—via Oliver Cromwell to Pavlov's concept of speech as a secondary signalling system and the pristine anthropoid hominids (presumably they were classless, or anyway U) who developed it. No wonder linguistics became Stalin's hobby during his final acute paranoid phase. No doubt he was worried about that dreadful Georgian accent.

In default of the definitive work, which we shall never get, this booklet, rapidly shuffled together by the enterprising publisher to catch the tide of interest caused by Miss Mitford's article in *Encounter*, will simply have to do. Do not be put off by the blurb. Most blurbs are non-U: this one is particularly rich in the pert inaccurate vulgarity of its genre: to say that until Miss Mitford wrote her article "England was blissfully unconscious of U-usage and all its lethal implications" is egregious rubbish. It has been a favourite subject of conversation ever since I can remember. A variation of it, which I can particularly recommend, to the bourgeois intelligentsia, is How Common Are You? to be played as a game, preferably among friends who know each other's relations. "Let us establish the fact that Uncle Alec had an accent you could cut with a knife." "Yes, well he did have a bit of a twang, but you know that really came from his lusty peasant origin. He's far less common, really, than your Aunt Audrey. She may not have much accent but she crooks her little finger and says perfume instead of scent." If you wish to raise the discussion to a rather higher plane you can inject a note of spiritual doubt: "I wonder, is it possible for a real saint to be common?"

As well as Miss Mitford's article there are reprinted Professor Alan Ross's essay from which she quoted, Mr. Evelyn Waugh's *Open Letter* and some other items including a Betjemann poem. Desmond MacCarthy's essay in *Life and Letters* about his visit to the redoubtable Miss Gertrude Jekyll, might well have been added. She was a vigilant guardian of what she called the speech of armigerous persons; to "take"—instead of "have"—anything except medicine was one of her pet abominations.

Professor Ross's *U and Non-U*, given here in a condensed and simplified form of the original paper which first appeared in 1954 in a Finnish philological journal, is a most useful contribution, as far as it goes. He points out the ephemeral nature of linguistic class-indicators and cites the interesting case of J. Walker's *Critical Pronouncing Dictionary and Expositor of the English Language*, published in 1791; most of Walker's carefully collected class-indicators have lost all significance and are now hopelessly dead. Samuel Rogers, you may remember, found it embarrassing to be in the same room with anyone who pronounced it "balcony," as we all do now, instead of balcony. But is Professor Ross—or any single individual—an altogether reliable guide? Surely, "Burberry" and "raincoat" are definitely non-U and not, as he suggests, "rather old-fashioned U"? And surely "geography of the house" is *not* a U-expression? A lot of U-usage—and this is one of its merits—tends to avoid euphemisms which pertain to the nervous, insecure bourgeoisie. This is one of the spheres in which aristocrats and peasants are more at home with each other than with cits.

Miss Mitford, in her characteristically gay, pleasing but misleading article, based herself on Professor Ross plus her own extensive observations and generalised frantically about the English aristocracy, about which she cherishes the naivest opinions. She takes pedigrees at their face value and seems quite oblivious of the extensive reuniting of both genealogy and history that went on after the Wars of the Roses and the accession of the Tudors. She allows herself to be corrected by Mr. Evelyn Waugh in his letter—also, very succinctly, by Mr. Osbert Lancaster in his frontispiece. Mr. Waugh, indeed, becomes, in places, positively Marxist in his appreciation of the complications and equivocations of English class stratification. This is no doubt due mainly to his own acute intelligence and his feeling for history; it may also be prompted by a personal objection, which all we of the bourgeoisie share, to being lodged in any drawer but the top.

The fact is that this is one of those phenomena that cry out for a Marxist interpretation. According to this, the distinctive feature of modern English history is the intimate and subtle nature of the interpenetration between defeated aristocracy and victorious bourgeoisie which took

place during the second half of the seventeenth century. It may even account for the taboo on fish-knives. This, one of the more irrational of U-usages, is reputed by some people to have originated at Blenheim; if so, it may have been a case of the parvenu Churchills inventing their own family custom and passing it off on the aristocracy at large. Lenin remarked that the English were unique because they had succeeded in turning not only their aristocracy into a bourgeoisie, but also their proletariat. He missed that peculiar English subtlety, of which the public school system was the great manifestation; by dispensing U-usage and character-building it enabled the rising lower middle classes to turn their sons into gentlemen. What an absolutely fascinating subject it all is, and how much more fieldwork remains to be done!

MAURICE RICHARDSON

The Living Myth

One Foot in Eden. By EDWIN MUIR. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Muir does not explain his reason for dividing this collection of poems into two sections, the first prefaced by a sonnet to Milton, the second by a parallel sonnet to Kafka. But even without previous knowledge of his distinction between the Story and the Fable, we could deduce it from these poems. Milton's concern was Paradise lost and regained: the myth of Adam, the fable, the archetypal life of man to which any individual life (the stories) can but approximate. Kafka's concern is with "the proximate damned, presumptive blest"—the lives that have lost the thread of the archetypal pattern.

The poems of the first section narrate episodes from the fable: the unfallen world, that the animals still inhabit; man, newly fallen, or nomadic with Abraham, travelling the long road of time; woman weaving the loom of the generations; the Annunciation, Nativity and Crucifixion; and Adam's great house, still noble in its ruins. In the other world—outside the fable—are the tyrant and his anonymous victims, the frustrated, the modern lives in "a hypothetical age," who have stepped out of the myth. The beautiful lyric *The Late Swallow* is addressed to these:

> Here is no rest
> For hollowing heart and wearying wing.
> Your comrades all have flown
> To seek their southern paradise
> Across the great earth's downward sloping side.

In each successive volume, we are shown more clearly the whole myth of which Edwin Muir's symbols have only been parts. It is essentially the Judaeo-Christian myth, but there is plenty of room within it for Prometheus, Oedipus and Penelope, since the fable is the same for all races and is one in all its forms. It is perpetually re-enacted in every life, and Dr. Muir's re-telling takes its truth from his own story. His mythological landscape is the real landscape of his life. "Have not all races had their first unity from a mythology, which marries them to rock and hill?"—so Yeats wrote, thinking of Ireland. Edwin Muir's fable is firmly wedded to the real earth, to time and place.

> A few lead in their harvest still
> By the ruined wall and broken gate
> For inland, shines the radiant hill.
> Inviolable the empty gate,
> Impassable the gaping wall;
> And the mountain over all.

This is Eden; yet it is recognisably a real landscape recalled. Transmuted into symbol, it yet remains an image. The whole world must once have had this numinous dimension for mankind; and in Edwin Muir's poetry we re-learn to live in a world at once natural and supernatural.

Many, but not all, of these symbolic images come from childhood; but Dr. Muir has never lost the mythopœic faculty. In Czechoslovakia:

> At a sudden turn we saw
> A young man harrowing, hidden in dust; he
> A prisoner walking in a moving cloud
> Made by himself for his own purposes;
> And there he grew and was as if exalted
> To more than man, yet not, not glorified:
> A pillar of dust moving in dust. . . .

We recognise fallen Adam still tilling the accursed ground, strayed from his myth into Marxist ideology that robs him of the fable that gives man his significance.

It is those parts of the fable that are lived and re-lived continually—Eden, the Fall, the nomadic journeyings—that have given Edwin Muir his best poems. Here he can speak in the first person—as in the story of Christ he cannot. He uses habitually the first person plural—"we" are Adam's tribe and family, not an anonymous mass in whose numbers the individuality and dignity of that plural is submerged. The equality is kinship, not an economic abstraction.

> We through the generations came
> Here by a way we do not know
> From the fields of Abraham,
> And still the road is scarce begun.

Muir's is the world where Adam delved and Eve span. Penelope at her loom is that archetypal mother, with an added suggestion of Gray's *Fatal Sisters* who, like Dr. Muir himself, are native of Orkney.

Edwin Muir resembles Robert Graves in his preoccupation with myth; yet though they are poets of comparable stature, neither the preoccupation, nor the myth, is alike. Dr. Muir's language is simple, his verse-forms few, characteristic and incantatory. Never does he use an image for its own sake, raw; image is determined by symbol, and symbol by myth. Such poetry takes us far towards a restoration of the lost unity of the art; as in ballad and epic, these three categories are inseparable; and through the poetic unity, we find our fragmented world coming together again, we regain what Yeats called *unity of being*.

KATHLEEN RAINE

In the Steps of Sir Lewis

English Politics in the Early Eighteenth Century. By ROBERT WALCOTT. *Oxford.* 18*s.*

Professor Walcott, a Harvard historian of distinction and originality, has now offered us in 160 pages of text and 82 pages of appendices the fruit of twenty years' laborious investigation into the parliamentary history of the early eighteenth century. In so doing he has joined hands with Sir Lewis Namier, who first interpreted English politics in terms of local or personal connections and family interest, and showed how seldom Members were returned for the purpose of taking some definite stand on political questions. In the later period the absence of sharp contrasts of ideas and interests led directly to a scramble for mere spoils and benefits; in the period with which Professor Walcott is dealing there were great issues at stake and party difference meant something. He has nevertheless largely established what Sir Lewis's researches had made it difficult not to suspect, that the party structure under William III and Anne resembles less the traditional picture of two parties well organised on a national basis contesting for power than the structure of politics in the Age of Newcastle.

He has achieved his end in a series of close analyses (based on a wealth of detailed appendices) describing the electoral system at the beginning of the century, the occupations and social status of the Members of the Commons in William III's last Parliament, showing how they each got there, and their connections with a number of distinct party groups. The history of each of these groups, from the time it first appeared as an organised body in Parliament, is then traced, and the book concludes with detailed studies of the groups in action in the General Election of 1702 and the Parliamentary Session of 1707-8.

Professor Walcott argues that party politics gain a dimension, if thought of as a circle containing at least four major segments, Court—

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Whig—Country—Tory, and demonstrates clearly in his analysis of the 1707-8 Session that while any given division shows two "parties"—the "ayes" and the "nays"—examination will reveal that each of these consists of more than one segment. This multiplication of interests was reflected in the power of the executive to control the lower chamber through its block of Government members, supported by votes lent by individual party chiefs, in return for share of office and some voice, however muted, in determining policy. This is certainly a safer guide to the politics of the period than a fanatical addiction to those "Fantastic Words" (as Swift described them)—Whig and Tory.

To support his thesis Professor Walcott has had to work out the relationships of more than a thousand individuals who sat in the last Parliament of William III and the first three of Anne. This has left him knowing almost as much about the House of Commons of the time as Godolphin. The demands for his exacting undertaking, allied to the feeling that "the returns provide plenty of satisfactory data if they are properly used" (i.e., by other historians), appear to have lent an occasional acerbity to his urbane pages. Indeed, it may seem as if twenty years of vicarious contact with party men and placemen had bred in him an urgent impulse to explode somebody more immediate and more tangible. He has picked, unfairly I think, upon G. M. Trevelyan, who paints on a larger canvas with a broader brush. In exposing one facet of truth one always risks obscuring others and this monument of painstaking and devoted scholarship, by its very intensity of concentration, tends to make the reader lose sight of all other aspects of an age which abounded in dramatic incident and striking personalities. Your reviewer at any rate closed this book with the momentary bemused illusion that Admiral Sir George Rodney was right when he said "To be out of Parliament is to be out of the world."

W. H. HUGHES

MIND

A Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy

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New Novels

The Straight and Narrow Path. By HONOR TRACY. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Charmed Life. By MARY MCCARTHY. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15*s.*

The Tree of Man. By PATRICK WHITE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 18*s.*

Six People in Love. By STELLA ZILLIACUS. *Putnam.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Tracy is comic, Miss McCarthy tragic. Both are witty, both deal with foreign countries, and both study the disruptive effect of an interest in truth. Miss Tracy tells how an English anthropologist in an Irish village reports local customs to an English newspaper and refuses to withdraw his statement. Legal sanctions are threatened, the Church rumbles into action, but the anthropologist stands firm, and only through the unimaginable intricacy of local politics, helped out by his own knowledge of primitive behaviour-patterns, is he saved from the consequences of his caprice.

Miss Tracy is extraordinary among Irish writers in deciding to use the razor edge of her wit, not just to amuse, or to counter-attack, or to deflect criticism, but to analyse the faults and virtues of her native land. She is exceedingly good on the gap between the things said and the things meant among the peasantry, on that rich and courteous game of centuplethink which shows up singlethink as the crutch of pedants. She is also good on the Protestant gentry and the double-crossing lawyer and the boozing Dublin intellectuals, but, of course, she is at her best on the Irish Church. Here, I think, is no debating-society rationalism, but a deep and genuine indignation at what she regards as the mortal disease of her country. The Irish are a people who have got into the hands of one efficient foreign institution and seem unable to use their enormous gifts to run anything else properly; can it be that the fuss they still make about their past oppressors, the English, conceals some part of the irritation they feel against their equally alien present rulers? Anyway, this is a fascinating book and should not be missed.

Miss McCarthy, who has acquired a heart since I last read her, writes about intellectuals in an artists' colony on the coast of New England. A young woman who has lived there with her horrible first husband returns to it with her second because it is a nice quiet place for her to write her play and, anyway, it would be cowardly to run away from the past. There follows a struggle between their resolution to work hard and consolidate their marriage on one hand and the disintegrating effect of the place on the other. (Americans can always make this sort of theme particularly poignant because social pressure with them is so much more overt, less ante-natal, than in England; can there be many places here, for instance, where you would be rebuked by a stranger for *wearing* stockings?) The inhabitants drink, toy with the arts, and talk about each other. One of the best things in the book is the way it conveys the exhausted atmosphere of educated gossip, the state where everyone has heard so many clever things about everyone that they no longer have any particular opinion at all.

> ". . . That's what's wrong with you, Warren. That's what's wrong with this horrible place. Nobody will admit to knowing anything, until it's been proved. Sandy Gray can pass for a decent man here because the contrary hasn't been proved yet, to the community's satisfaction. He's 'only' had four wives run away from him. That isn't a fair sample, statistically, you can remind me."
>
> "Only three," emended Warren. "The first one died, you know."

Particularly one observes how a widespread knowledge of psychology supplies three ways of evading the truth for every one of discovering it. There is a fine occasion when Warren tries to tell home-truths to the first husband, who is a lay analyst:

> He whirled about, like a little prosecutor, and pointed his index finger at Miles, who would have been taken aback if he had not been familiar with the mechanism of transference. Poor Warren was merely discharging his pent-up aggression against Jane. . . .

The awful community is magnificently drawn, in fact, and so, in a different way, is Martha, the truth-loving wife who wants to resist it. I was not, however, entirely convinced by the story that the community destroyed her. The instrument of her destruction is her former husband, and as it is never made clear why she married somebody so unbearable in the first place, there is plainly some unknown weakness in her which might just as well have proved fatal somewhere else. He is, in fact, that menace to female novelists, a Demon Lover, and the temptation to melodramatise him has slightly unbalanced the plot. But the book is, nevertheless, exceedingly impressive.

The Tree of Man is an Australian epic which has been received with a shriek of enthusiasm in America, and is really a remarkable achievement. It tells the story of a young man who clears land in a virgin forest, of the other settlers who later surround him, of his marriage, his children, and his death. It manages to do something extremely difficult, to tell the story of people who are essentially inarticulate, who do not themselves know what they are trying to say and do. (It seems to me very misleading of an American critic to call him the Hardy of Australia. Hardy was interested in the exceptional, literate, escaping peasant; Mr. White, bolder, wants to study the regulars.) His dry, rather formal style does well for this. There is this description of the young farmer who has dreamt of visiting the Gold Coast:

> His Gold Coast still glittered in a haze of promise as he grubbed the weeds out of his land, as he felled trees and tautened the wire fences he had put round what was his. It was, by this time, almost enclosed. But what else was his he could not say. Would his life of longing be lived behind the wire fences? . . . So he did begin then with impatience, even passion, to hew the logs that still lay, and to throw aside his axe at the end, with disgust, apparently, for something wood will not disclose.

That seems to me excellent. There is neither the passion nor the hysteria of Lawrence, but there is enormous vigour behind these sober, condensed phrases, and they achieve their object. My only doubt about this book is whether the immense contemporary effort of complicated people to understand simple ones, to describe the indescribable and find form in the formless, justifies itself. I should like to reread this book a few times and study the subject.

Six People in Love is a promising, and in some ways even an impressive first novel, but Miss Zilliacus's spirited attempt at combining fiction with memoir has made it finally clear to me how essential it is to bottle them separately. By naming her father and other public characters, she puts us at once in that casual, discursive, stamp-collecting mood in which we study current affairs, storing up anything interesting, expecting no immediate pattern. But a novel *must* impose its own pattern, its imaginative unity, its scheme of values, and the characters must be shaped by this, not imported ready-made as though description were unnecessary. ("The Webbs," indeed!) And when Miss Zilliacus does put herself to the trouble of describing them, when she really uses her imagination to make her central characters stand up, she writes well and is often delightfully shrewd, particularly about conflicting nationalities, as in this report of an attempt to get family information out of her dotty Polish mother:

> "Why did Grandfather die young?"
>
> "Grandfather? . . . Oh, I see. . . . Russian trains were so dangerous."
>
> "Why *Russian* trains?"
>
> "Siberian railways were better, that's why we lived at Vladivostok. Now go and do your homework."

Perhaps it is flippant of me to prefer the passages where she deploys her characters in this indirect way to those where she thumps the Catholic drum or laments the sorrows of rather bitchy women. But I am fairly sure that more detachment is what she needs to become a good novelist.

MARY SCRUTTON

Gramophone Records

AFTER making my way through a large part of the host of Mozart recordings that have appeared in this bicentenary year, I am driven to the conclusion that an entirely satisfactory performance of any of his works—one that will bear repeated hearing—is a great rarity. To say that Mozart's music has poise may be the tritest of critical clichés. But, in the aggravating manner of clichés, it remains true, for the music maintains a unique equilibrium between consummate outer grace and profound inner emotion; and few performers seem able to walk this stylistic tightrope. In the pursuit of grace and elegance they too often lose the sensuous passion that underlies it, so that the music emerges as a series of rococo gestures. Or in their determination to reveal its profound emotion they topple over into a romanticism that too easily deprives the music of its sinuous, ingratiating charm. If few of these new recordings emerge with full marks, that will, I hope, not be taken merely as a reflection of a satiated palate in a bicentenary year.

An outstanding example of this rare ability to maintain an elusive stylistic equilibrium can be found in the orchestral part of a new Decca recording of the great D minor Piano Concerto (K 466). Peter Maag is clearly a remarkable Mozartian, for he draws from the New London Symphony Orchestra playing that is wonderfully fluent and elegant and yet profoundly felt. From the hushed dramatic expectancy of the opening bars to the rhythmic verve and brilliance of the last movement, this is to my mind an orchestral performance of the first order. Unfortunately the soloist, Julius Katchen, is less satisfying. His entry in the first movement is curiously prim and he is conscientiously unsentimental in the romance. But although he phrases in an unsensuous manner, his playing is unfailingly clean and athletic, and it has about it a steely strength that gives the development of the opening allegro a heroic span, while his rhythmic grip and technical brilliance shows up impressively in the rondo finale.

These are just the qualities lacking in a new H.M.V. recording of this concerto by Edwin Fischer, who both plays and conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra. Fischer is clearly on much more intimate terms with the music than Katchen, his performance has a loving lyricism and gentle warmth that stands in sharp contrast to Katchen's cool brilliance, and he makes the piano sing most beautifully in the romance. But for all his evident musical qualities his playing has moments of messy untidiness and there is much less power and grandeur about his approach to the big first movement. Clearly the choice is a matter of taste, and if it is to be based on the soloist only, I would opt for Fischer's warmth and humanity. But, well though the Philharmonia play, the orchestral performance cannot compete stylistically with Maag's, and there is the further consideration that, while Fischer fills a ten-inch disc, Decca's twelve-inch record is not only technically superior, but also contains a good performance of the not very interesting C major concerto (K 415).

There is excellent value in an H.M.V. disc containing two of the best known piano concertos—in A major (K 488) and in C minor (K 491)—played by Solomon and the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Herbert Menges. In the A major concerto Solomon makes rather light of the opening allegro—it is all very fresh and crisp yet a little insubstantial. But his performance of the adagio is really splendid Mozart playing, with limpid tone and controlled rhythmic movement underlying a wonderfully sustained melodic line. Much the same is true of his approach to the C minor concerto, for while in the small movement his playing is crisp and jewelled and has a beautifully controlled lyricism, he seems to me to fail to realise the scale and emotional weight of the opening allegro. The balance between orchestra and soloist is admirable; but, although in passages the orchestral playing is good, Herbert Menges's general approach is unremarkable and a little negative.

A Vox disc contains two early piano concertos in B flat (K 238) and in C major (K 246) played by Ingrid Haebler and the Pro Arte Symphony Orchestra of Vienna conducted by Hollreiser. In spite of the charming and melodic slow movements, I must confess that these are works I could quite happily do without hearing again. Miss Haebler's playing has a prettiness that well matches the music, and it is to her credit that she doesn't try to make it sound less trivial than it is. The recording, however, is shallow in the bass and at moments over-bright in the upper frequencies, in a manner which tends to accentuate a certain brittle, doll-like quality in Miss Haebler's playing. In spite of Hollreiser's pedestrian accompaniment, this is, however, a disc worth the attention of those who have a particular partiality for early Mozart.

Two violin concertos, the lovely A major (K 219) and the less good and less well-known D major (K 211) are available on a Philips disc. Apart from a tendency to hustle the first movement of the A major and some lack of sensuous warmth in the adagio, Arthur Grumiaux gives fresh, stylish and unaffected performances of both works. He is accompanied with surprisingly liveliness by the Vienna Symphony Orchestra under that least lively of conductors, Bernard Paumgartner, and the recording is excellent.

Almost without exception, the new recordings of Mozart symphonies are in one way or another disappointing. Decca have issued on a single disc number 38 (the Prague) in D and number 34 in C major, played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Böhm. Both performances are in the main rather pedestrian and have little grace or magic. But on a second hearing I became more aware of their qualities, for there is merit in Böhm's utter lack of affectation and the manner in which each movement is conceived as a whole. At a time when so many conductors are concerned to impress their wretched egos on music, here is an uninspired performance but one that is based on sound traditions. In music of this sort the Vienna Philharmonic is still incomparable.

It is rather the same with Böhm's account of the C major symphony. Surely, one feels, his tempo for the opening allegro vivace is rather measured. Yet finally everything seems to fit in better than it does in Harry Blech's more speedy performance of the same movement on an H.M.V. recording. In some ways Blech sees more in the music than Böhm, but in reaching out for it he too often loses balance, so that the pulse flags and the orchestral texture of the London Mozart Players clogs. There are many passing beauties in Blech's performance and his finale is gayer than Böhm's, but he lacks Böhm's overall conception of a movement and he has a relatively inferior band and recording. On the other side of this H.M.V. disc there is a warm and unaffected performance of the Linz Symphony, spoilt again by string playing, phrasing and texture that is somehow rather mediocre, and an inability on the part of the conductor to hold the passages that he particularly loves and wants to draw attention to in the general framework of a movement.

Decca have issued on one disc the G minor (K 550) and B flat (K 319) symphonies played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Karl Münchinger. The G minor is given a very strict and wilfully unromantic performance that lacks even the merits of severity. Apart from passages in the finale I found this a dry, plodding and pedantic performance, with even the orchestra rather off form. The slighter B flat symphony comes off better, for in spite of a total lack of sensuous beauty and charm in the phrasing, the playing is at any rate crisp and competent.

The Jupiter Symphony is available on a ten-inch DGG disc, and enjoys a good recording, spoilt only on the first side by a frightfully overloaded bass. I cannot, however, pretend to admire Ferenc Friesay's interpretation, with its sluggish rhythm and ill-considered relaxation of the music's pulse in lyrical passages. It is another of those glib, smooth readings that have recently become so current. But the RIAS Orchestra plays well within these limitations.

Much the best of the new chamber music recordings is a performance of the E flat Wind Quintet (K 452) by Gieseking and the Philharmonia Wind Quartet on a Columbia disc. The larghetto is so ravishing in phrasing and quality of sound that my only complaint is the omission of a repeat. In contrast to his unhappy series of recordings of Mozart's piano music, Gieseking provides a good account of the piano part, and one that is excellently balanced with the woodwind. The recording (as of that of Beethoven's Wind Quintet in E flat Op. 16 on the other side) does, however, deteriorate badly towards the centre of the disc.

DGG has issued a ten-inch (and thus expensive) disc containing the Hunt Quartet (K 458) played by the Loewenguth Quartet. The French are not usually very happy in their approach to Mozart, but I greatly enjoyed this vigorous performance with its rhythmic bite and attack and phrasing that is precise and clearly defined. It is not a suave affair, but the playing does convey all the joy and *élan* of the first movement. The adagio is less successful because of the leader's unsweet and unveiled tone. On a Philips disc there are the D major (K 499) and B flat (K 589) quartets played by the Netherlands Quartet. These are likewise robust performances, but both (and notably that of the D major quartet) have a staid and laboured heaviness that I found unappealing. The phrasing is often pedestrian, the texture thick, while modulations have a habit of just occurring as though the quartet were unaware of their existence, and it is perhaps because of this that so many of the movements lack a sense of direction.

Hard on the heels of Decca's *Figaro*, there

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comes a new issue from H.M.V. (on one side less) that is in essentials a recording of last year's new Glyndebourne production. It scores over the Decca issue in its theatrical liveliness, sense of character (Ebert is listed as producer), and an animated ensemble that can come only from a cast used to playing together. Furthermore, Sciutti's neatly sung Susanna has much more character than Güden's, and as Basilio, Cuenod's recitative is marvellously pointed. Nonetheless, this is to my mind a markedly inferior issue to Decca's. This is not merely because the sound is boxy and at moments soupy, but because where Kleiber's reading is a miracle of style, Gui takes a laboured and, where emotion is around, a positively tearful view of a score. H.M.V. for the *dramma*, but Decca for the *musica*.

I must confess that my enthusiasm for some of the early and little known Mozart works that have been trotted out in this bicentenary year is minimal. But anyone wanting to sample something unusual would, I think, do well to try a Philips disc that contains the complete incidental music to *Thamos, König in Aeyptien*. Apart from the music after the fourth and fifth acts, much of the purely orchestral music is uninteresting. But the real point about this score are the impressive choruses that look forward in the most remarkable manner to *The Magic Flute*. Performance and recording are adequate, apart from solo voices that are placed too far forward. Finally, there is a Columbia disc that contains a number of songs sung most enchantingly by Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, who brings to them a wide and subtle range of mood and emotion. Apart from an occasional awkward moment, the Columbia recording is good.

PETER HEYWORTH

Dr. Constantia Maxwell's *Dublin Under the Georges*, which first appeared 20 years ago, has been reprinted with a revised text and additional notes (Faber, 25s.). The latest additions to the Oxford Illustrated Dickens include *Hard Times* and *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, with introductions by Dingle Foot and S. C. Roberts respectively (Oxford, 10s. 6d. each).

A Welsh Coxswain

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City Lights

Macmillan Markets

A more naive or more earnest Chancellor might be upset by the Stock Exchange's reaction to his budget. Dealings were active in the week which followed and prices rose quite sharply. At one time, with British Petroleum and Free State Geduld chasing each other upwards, the atmosphere was very like that produced by Mr. Butler's budget a year ago.

The similarity is superficial. Investors have been buying Industrials for some weeks because they thought the fall in prices had gone too far, and a no-change budget seemed to confirm their judgment. But buying has been on a fairly small scale, and part at least of the rise which has taken place in the last month could easily be lost again. The fundamental truism about equity markets at the moment is that there is little selling and that good stock is scarce; small dealings can make prices fluctuate quite sharply, and they will probably continue to fluctuate inside fairly wide limits until the situation becomes clearer. Company reports, for the most part, are still reflecting last year's prosperity. This week, for example, there have been encouraging statements from Bowater, Spillers and United Molasses, with only Pressed Steel to report a lower profit and hint that things are likely to get worse. Until there is more actual evidence of the effect of the credit squeeze on profit margins, Industrial prices are not likely to fall lower than the level they have already touched, while the upper limit of price fluctuations will be set by the behaviour of gilt-edged stocks.

Here, the initiative lies with the Treasury. The general post-budget outlook for fixed-interest stocks seemed reasonably good; prices rose; they changed direction at the announcement of a new £250m issue of 3½ per cent Treasury stock 1979-81 at the price ruling in the market. The issue is unlikely to have attracted many subscriptions, and most of it will be taken up for the moment by the public departments. But it suggests that the Treasury will use open-market operations to prevent any premature rise in the gilt-edged market and that the Chancellor is taking seriously his undertaking to offset Exchequer advances to the nationalised industries by increased sales of securities to the public. Where the line will be drawn between the aim of mopping up surplus cash and that of converting the large issue of maturing bonds on cheap terms is impossible to guess.

* * *

If the preliminary trade figures for March did in fact have any last-minute influence on the framework of the budget, nobody will now admit it. In February, a short month and the freeze-up in the Baltic kept imports down and caused the trade gap to narrow; in March, surprisingly, it narrowed still further. But the full figures suggest that imports were held back in March not only by the freeze-up, but by strikes in Australia and Finland; without these accidental reinforcements to the credit squeeze, the trade gap would have been at least £10m wider. So far as can be seen, the trade position has hardly altered yet: imports are coming in at much the same rate (though there are faint signs of a reduction) and exports are continuing to expand at no more than their old, steady pace. At the end of last year, it seems, Britain's share in world exports of manufactured goods was still falling.

* * *

The Board of Trade has now published the first fruits of its inquiry into hire-purchase. Its monthly indices, designed to show changes in the volume of H.P. transactions and in the size of the outstanding H.P. debt, do not yet cover a long enough period for the effect of seasonal influences to be discounted and for the real change to be measured: all that emerges clearly is the size of the pre-Budget buying spree last October. But it is interesting to have official confirmation of unofficial estimates of the total H.P. debt outstanding, something like £450-£550m, or 3 per cent of the gross domestic product. It is difficult to find any reason for alarm in the size of this figure. Certainly the growth of hire-purchase will have to be watched, and regulated from time to time. But the imposition of sweeping and severe restrictions at the moment is justified when the production of consumer goods has a serious effect on the balance-of-payments or the supply of skilled labour. Where it does not—as in the case of furniture—it would seem safer to let people spend their money on goods than attempt to entice it into premium bonds.

TAURUS

Week-end Competition

No. 1,365

Set by John Raymond

The usual prizes are offered for an excerpt from *Sludge the Analyst, Billy Blougram's Apology* or *Caliban upon Woomera*. Limit 12 lines; entries by May 8.

Result of No. 1,362

Set by Tom Paine

Competitors are invited to compose a key excerpt from the first speech made in this country by Mr. B. or Mr. K. Limit 150 words.

Report

Competitors were divided between those who tried to guess correctly the line that would be taken by B. and K. and those who, voting this too dull, went all out to be funny, too often achieving the kind of joke that B. and K. could not possibly indulge in. In this category, the competitor who came nearest to victory was Michael Doris, who made Bulganin crack quite possible jokes about the Englishman's home being his castle—and then "we hope to visit many castles" (laughter)—and went on to pun about "double-think" "treble-think" and "uno-think." I was forced also reluctantly to disqualify John Brown because the last paragraph of his extract makes Bulganin commit an inconceivable heresy.

> Now as to the purpose of this visit, I will tell you a secret. It has no purpose. Under Stalin everything had a purpose, but today we Communists, when we are told of a purpose, ask "Whose purpose is it?" Mr. Krushchev and I are here first of all to enjoy ourselves. So far we have succeeded. We would like to see the British workers enjoying themselves, too.

I have chosen as winners the veteran competitor Allan Laing who makes a good shot at the line and spirit first adopted by Krushchev. My second choice is E. G. Semler who guesses quite wrongly that the press would report B. and K. as saying here what they are so often reported as saying elsewhere. There remain as ties for the third prize a straight rather obvious guess by H. A. C. Evans and Leslie Johnson, who had the bright idea that Bulganin, profiting by Malenkov's success with Burns, would quote Shakespeare and promise to study "our great revolutionary poet, Shelley." The prizes are two guineas to Allan M. Laing and to E. G. Semler and a guinea each to H. A. C. Evans and Leslie Johnson.

> There are three things we have been told about your country: that your policemen are wonderful; that the only game worth playing is cricket; and that all the good jokes are printed in *Punch*. These are precious things. Why not preserve them by giving up, as we want to give up, the folly of war? Let your policemen continue to keep the peace; let your cricketers go on playing the game; and let us make life more than ever worth living with the saving salt of humour. Napoleon said you were a nation of shopkeepers. Why not? We Russians, at the moment, would like to be a nation of customers—your customers. Why should we or you allow war, hot or cold, to interfere with a useful and profitable exchange? . . . Comrade Bulganin and I have come here to find a way to play for all time the noble game of peace. . . .

ALLAN M. LAING

And why have certain countries not yet liquidated the cult of the individual which has led to the incorrect foreign policy of imperialist penetration and establishment of aggressive bases among the peace-loving workers of England who are smashing the enemies of co-existence, shoulder to shoulder with their comrades in India and the U.S.S.R.? Certain countries have not yet abandoned the cult of the individual because this enables the agents of imperialism to drive wedges between our two great countries which fought shoulder to shoulder in order to save the world from Hitlerite racialism and which will go on in the Geneva spirit, shoulder to shoulder to smash the warmongers and hireling American press which is trying to split us. Long live collective responsibility! Long live the united shock troops for peace of Great Britain and the U.S.S.R.! Long live the great English people!

E. G. SEMLER

We have both been looking forward to visiting your great country and getting to know more about our gallant allies who supported us so manfully in our recent fight against the Nazi tyranny, and helped us to destroy that tyranny for ever. We should have liked to come before, as we feel sure that our visit will contribute towards the peace of the world. We are looking forward to visiting your heavy industry and factories and farms and comparing them with ours. We have developed processes which are probably unknown here, thanks to our revolutionary approach to our problems, but we shall be interested to see how your industrial and agricultural methods have developed. But chiefly we look forward to meeting the ordinary people of this country and exchanging ideas on many subjects, for in the closer co-operation between your people and ours lies the best hope for the future of the world.

H. A. C. EVANS

I am told that your chemical scientists, in the course of their friendly rivalry with our own, evolved a very successful specific named M and B. Well, you have had your M, and you are now going to have your B. I trust that the successful record will be maintained. My predecessor, so I read (although I have not yet had time to study the reports fully), said that he was a devotee of Burns, and gave his favourite quotation. I assure you that I am not trying to drive a wedge between England and Scotland when I say that my favourite British poet is Shakespeare, and my favourite line: "Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings."

I am, however, fully aware of the dangers attendant upon the establishment of a personality cult, and am therefore proceeding to study the works of another of your great poets, the revolutionary Shelley.

LESLIE JOHNSON

The Chess Board

No. 337. A Piece in Hand

A Kt to be exact, indeed the famous "pocket-knight" which, when inclined, one may use to enliven a game that to most of us may seem to be quite lively enough, as it is. Each player waits to get the greatest possible advantage out of that powerful reserve. In lieu of an ordinary move one may place the PKt on any *empty* square, since no capture is to be involved. In this position, e.g., it would seem to be simple enough for White to force the win by PKt-K7 ch, followed by Q x P ch and R-R3 mate. But alas, it doesn't work since Black can interpose his PKt on R3. The winning move is (1) R-R3, whereupon (1) . . . P-Kt3 is defeated by (2) PKt-B6 and (1) . . . PKt-KR3 by (2) R x Kt, P x R, (3) PKt-B6 ch. If (1) . . . P-KR3, (2) R x P!, PKt-B4 (best), (3) Q x Kt!, P x Q, (4) PKt-K7 mate; or (3) . . . P x R, (4) PKt-B6, etc. This amusing piece was composed by Prof. J. Boyer of Paris, the greatest contemporary authority on "unorthodox" Chess, and I found it in *Schach-Taschen-Jahrbuch* 1956 (*S. Engelhardt Verlag, Berlin-Frohnau, DM* 4.20). Another contribution by Boyer deals with that tricky pastime, "Two-Step Chess." Here—Fortis-Alekhine, 1925—is a game at the Cercle Philidor.

(1)	P-QKt3, B-Kt2	P-QKt3, B-Kt2
(2)	P-K4, B-K2	
	Better than (2) B x P x R	
(2)	. . . .	B x P, B-QB3
	Not . . . B-Kt2 where it would be lost by (3) B-R6, B x B.	
(3)	P-QR4-QR5	P-QR3, P-QKt4
(4)	B x QKtP, B-K2	B x P, B-QB3
(5)	Kt-KR3, R-Kt1	
	Threatening B x KtP x R, whereupon Black could not retaliate on account of (7) R x Kt mate.	
(5)	. . . .	P-K4, Kt-KB3
(6)	B x KP, Kt-Kt5	
	Very strong on account of the double threat to the Black Q. Alekhine counters brilliantly, if not quite soundly.	
(6)	. . . .	Kt-Kt5 x BP
(7)	. . . Kt, P-Q4	
	R-Kt3 (instead of P-Q4) would have refuted Alekhine's coup.	
(7)	. . . .	Q x Kt-B4 ch
(8)	K-Kt, B-Q3	
	A blunder, leaving the B *en prise*.	
(8)	. . . .	Q x B x Q ch
(9)	K x Q, B-Kt3	B-Q3 x B
(10)	R x B, Kt-B3	P-B4-B5
(11)	R-KKt1-K1 ch	
	Better was R-KR3, P-Q5 with the double threat to R and B.	
(11)	. . . .	K-Q1, B-B6 ch
(12)	K-Q2-Q3	B-Kt7, P-B6
(13)	K-K3-B2	Kt-B3 x QP
(14)	Kt-K2 x Kt	P-B4 x Kt
(15)	QR-Q1 x P	R-K1 x R
(16)	K x R, R-Q2	R-B1-B3
	Better: . . . B-R6, R-B1	
(17)	R-B2, K-Q2	
	He should, of course, have played R x B-B2.	
(17)	. . . .	P-Kt4, R-Q3 ch
(18)	K-K3, P-B3	P-R4, R-K3 ch

White resigned, since the exchange of Rooks was unavoidable.

A: Hunte 1955

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White played Q-Kt2 and took some 20 more moves to win. What was the mate in 3 he missed? **B** is also a 3-mover and quite a bargain for 6 ladder-points, but **C**—White to win—is rather more tricky than it looks; it may well be worth 7 points.

B: E. Richter 1955

C: L. Prokes

Usual prizes. Entries by May 7.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 334. Set April 7.

A: (1) Kt-Q5 ch, K-Q7, (2) Kt-B3, P = Q, (3) Kt-K4 ch, K-B8 (B7), (4) R-QB8 ch, K-Kt8, (5) Kt-Q2 ch, K-R8 (6) Kt x P ch, K-Kt8, (7) Kt-Q2 ch, K-R8, (8) R-B2, Q-Q8, (9) Kt-Kt3 ch, K-Kt8, (10) R-Kt2 mate.

B: (1) Kt-Kt3!, Kt x Kt, (2) K x Kt, Kt-Q5 ch, (3) K-K4, Kt-K7, (4) R-Kt2, Kt-B6 ch, (5) K-Q3! (K-Q4?), B-K4! (B-K8?), (6) R-Kt5, B-B3, (7) R-KB5! (R-Kt6?), B-Kt2, (8) R-B7, B-K4, (9) R-K7, B-B3, (10) R-K6, Kt-Q4, (11) R-Q6, Kt-Kt5 ch, (12) K-B4, B-K2 (K4), (13) R-K6, etc.

C: (1) R-R1 ch, K-Kt1, (2) K-R5 ch, K-R1, (3) K-Kt5(4) ch, K-Kt1, (4) K-R4 ch, K-R1, (5) K-Kt3 ch, K-Kt1, (6) K-R2 ch, K-R1, (7) K-Kt1 ch, etc.

D: (1) B-R1, K-Kt2, (2) B-Kt3!, Kt x P, (3) B x Kt, K-B3, (4) K-K5!, B-Kt7 ch, (5) R-Q4 ch, K-B4, (6) B-B2, P-R5!, (7) K-K4!, B-B7 ch, (8) R-Q3 ch, K-B5, (9) B-K2, P-R6, (10) K-K3, B-B8 ch, (11) R-Q2 ch, K-B6, (12) B-K1, B-B4, (13) B-B3, B-Q6, (14) B-Kt4, B-B8, (15) B-K2, B-KKt7, (16) B-R6, B-B3, (17) K-K2 and wins

E: (1) B-R5 ch! (Kt-K6?), K-K8, (2) B-R4 ch, K-Q7, (3) B-Kt5, B x Kt, (4) K-B2, K-Q6, (5) B-Kt6 ch, R-K5 ch, (6) K-B3, B-B3, (7) P-R4! (B-B1?), K-Q5, (8) B-B6 ch, R-K4 ch, (9) K-B4, B-Q3, (10) P-R5! (B-B2?), K-Q4, (11) B-B7 ch, R-K3 ch, (12) K-B5, B-Q2, (13) P-R6! and draws

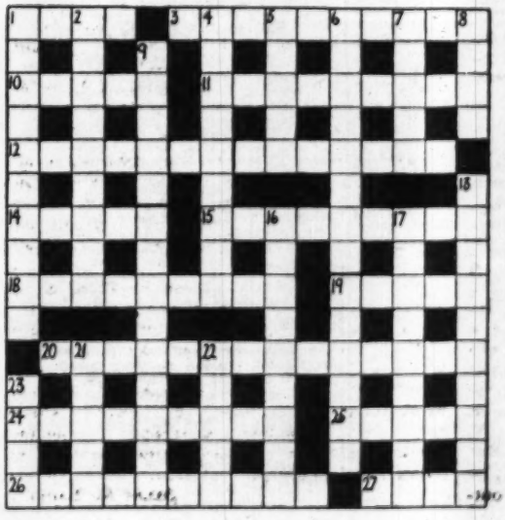
But not (13) B-B3?, B-B4, (14) B-K5, P-R3, (15) B-KKt8, B-Kt5, (16) B-QB7, K-B3, etc.

Rather more than usual and more difficult, too; hence, inevitably, the prizes are shared by those imperturbable stalwarts D. E. Cohen and A. J. Roycroft. **D**, owing to a misprint in the Forsyth, shall not count in the ladder. The P on f3 should, of course, be White.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 196

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 196, N.S.&N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on May 8.



ACROSS

1. Forwards cards (4).
3. Jersey's contents may be wet, but it won't be found in the sea (10).
10. People with a flag to the fore (5).
11. Of course a healthy look returns and there is a Tory recovery (9).
12. Piece of furniture for the artists' treasury? (5, 2, 7).
14. Race for a cricketer (5).
15. Man and poodle potentially made to look ridiculous (9).
18. Play a scene when the season is over (9).
19. Rent for a port (5).
20. Crossword clue with a list of what is to be done provides lowbrow amusement (5, 9).
24. The actor's farewell is followed by a refusal about money (9).
25. Sounds like temptations for a pickpocket (5).
26. Cover in the palms possibly providing protection for the eyes (10).
27. Where brutes may be introduced in braces? (4).

DOWN

1. The sovereign won't change in this place (9).
2. Standard finished with redesigned interior (9).
4. Unexpected advantages to gain before the penny drops (9).
5. Take part in a competition on even terms (5).
6. Bitterness and bits of hard work in prison (8, 6).
7. Smithfield rebel (5).
8. Light lines for fish (4).
9. Troublesome gifts which only confuse the help that is included in one's requirements (5, 9).
13. Literary women with hair cut short in front after the climbing season (10).
16. It tells the time and provides me with a book about Eth's friend (9).
17. An instrument measuring river levels is needed for the construction of the metro line (9).
21. I strike a blow for religion (5).
22. The duplicate is concerned with this fold (5).
23. The penniless drudge is wicked (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 194

C	O	R	G	I	■	H	O	R	N	P	I	P	E	S
O	■	A	■	N	E	■	I	■	L	■	R	■	A	■
A	N	C	E	S	T	R	A	L	■	A	L	O	F	T
C	■	E	■	A	■	L	■	T	■	Y	■	A	■	■
H	E	R	E	T	I	C	S	■	G	O	D	O	W	N
S	■	■	S	■	L	■	P	■	N	■	K	■	■	■
T	O	T	S	■	F	I	N	A	L	I	T	I	E	S
O	■	E	■	E	■	T	■	S	■	C	■	N	■	C
P	O	L	E	V	A	U	L	T	S	■	A	G	R	A
■	■	E	■	A	■	S	■	R	■	S	■	■	■	Y
N	A	P	A	L	M	■	M	O	R	T	L	A	K	E
A	■	A	■	U	■	I	■	W	■	R	■	L	■	N
S	U	T	R	A	■	B	I	L	L	O	W	I	N	G
A	■	M	■	T	■	I	■	E	■	P	■	C	■	E
L	A	Y	R	E	A	D	E	R	■	S	H	E	E	R

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 194

R. C. Couzens (London, S.W. 17), A. Hymans (Stanmore), Mrs. N. F. Sayer (London, N.W. 4).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

AUSTRALIA—University of Tasmania. The University invites applications for the Chair of Modern Languages which will become vacant at the end of 1956 owing to the retirement of the present occupant. The present salary for Chairs is £A2,500 per annum, and an allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applics. in Australia and London is May 15, 1956.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. The Senate of the University of Western Australia has decided to create an independent Department of German with a Reader as its head. In the past, courses in German have been given as a part of the work of the Department of Modern Languages under the control of the Professor of English, for administrative purposes, but a separate department is now being established and applications are invited for the position of Reader and Head of the Department of German. The salary range is £A2,083—£A2,318 per annum, and the commencing salary will be determined on the basis of the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is May 31, 1956.

AUSTRALIAN National University. Research School of Social Sciences. Applications are invited for appointment as Research Fellow in Philosophy. The appointment is within the Department of Social Philosophy, but the University would be glad to receive applications from persons interested in any of the main branches of Philosophy, including Political and Social Philosophy. Applicants are expected to possess some years of post-graduate experience. The salary will be within the range of £A1,200—£A1,800 and the appointment will be made for three years with a possible extension to five years. Superannuation on the F.S.S.U. pattern will be provided and reasonable removal expenses will be paid. Further details are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close on May 21, 1956.

METEOROLOGICAL Office, Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent posts. Early application is advised. The duties include research in atmospheric physics, covering the study of cloud structure, synoptic and dynamical meteorology, large and small scale diffusion and turbulence, climatology, and development of instruments. There is a limited number of posts for forecasting work at the more important centres. Successful candidates will be given a course in meteorology before being assigned to a research or forecasting establishment for further training and experience. In some instances candidates with national service obligations can be commissioned in the R.A.F. for forecasting duties at R.A.F. stations. Further information may be obtained from the Director, Meteorological Office (M.O.10), Air Ministry, Kingsway, W.C.2. Candidates must be between 21 and 28 during 1956 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). They must have (or obtain in Summer, 1956) a First or Second Class Honours degree preferably in physics or mathematics. Salaries (London rates) £513—£925. Women's scales lower but being improved under equal pay scheme. Somewhat lower rates in provinces. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Scientific Officer (£1,070—£1,245) and higher posts. Application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington St., W.1, quoting No. S52/56 (Met.)

THE University College of Khartoum, Sudan. Applications are invited for Wardenship of Women's Hostel. The successful candidate should assume duties, which will include some teaching, as soon after July 1 as possible. Contract 3 to 7 years with bonus on completion. Salary scale £E1,000×£E75—£E1,150×£E75—£E1,675 p.a. according to qualifications and experience. Cost of living allowance payable. Reasonable deduction made for accommodation, meals, service, etc. Passages paid on appointment, termination and leave. Detailed applications (eight copies) naming three referees to be received as soon as possible by Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further information may be obtained.

NETHERNE Psychiatric Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Lady Occupational Therapist required for large active department of 11 Therapists. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with P.T.A. Whitley Council recommendations. Applics. together with names of 2 referees to Physician Superintendent.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Talks Producer (Sound) to be concerned with augmenting output of talks and discussions on scientific subjects, to plan broadcasts and carry out preparatory work and production at microphone. He must keep abreast of developments in science and suggest ways of reflecting them in programmes. University degree in science, knowledge of recent developments and interest in broadcasting essential. Evidence of ability to communicate and interpret findings of science an asset. Appointments on grade £1,220 rising by five annual increments to £1,600, or £975 to £1,280 according to qualifications. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting ref. "1665 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

B.B.C. requires for Sports Unit, News Division (a) Chief Sub-Editor to act as deputy to Sports News Editor. Thorough journalistic knowledge of sport and its leading personalities essential. Duties include supervision of selection and writing of items for sports news, and on occasions reporting sporting events, interviewing personalities at microphone and assisting generally in planning and production of sports programmes. Salary £1,220 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,600. (b) Senior Sub-Editor with thorough journalistic knowledge of sport. Duties include assistance in preparation of sports bulletins, writing and broadcasting comprehensive summaries of sport, compiled at speed from Agency material. Salary £1,110 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,440. Requests for application forms (indicating post applied for, encls. addressed envelope and quoting ref. "1712 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London W.1, within 5 days.

ADMINISTRATIVE Class, Home Civil Service. Supplementary Open Competition, 1956. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from first class honours graduates for about ten posts. Competition open to men and women at least 24 and under 26 on August 1, 1956, with extension for service in H.M. Forces. Selection by tests and interview at Civil Service Selection Board in London in June, followed by final interview. Starting salary (London), including extra duty allowance, where payable, £554 (men and women); £631 for a man if he has done two years' compulsory Forces service. Special increase of £50, normally after two years' service. Inclusive salary scales of higher posts: (men) £1,344-£1,685 and £1,800-£2,300. Somewhat lower outside London and for women, but women's pay being improved under equal pay scheme. Full particulars (including prospects of promotion) and application form from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting number 531/56/8. Completed applic. forms to be returned by May 15, 1956.

UNIVERSITY College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Applications are invited for Lectureships in: English (1), History (1), Economics (1), Education (2). Salary scales: Assistant Lecturer £950×50—£1,050 p.a. Lecturer (Grade II) £1,050×50—1,250 p.a. (Grade I) £1,300×50—1,600 p.a. Superannuation Scheme. Passages to Salisbury for appointee, wife and dependent children on appointment with allowance for transport of effects. Unfurnished accommodation at rent of up to 15% of salary. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by May 15, 1956, to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College of the Gold Coast. Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced persons for appointment as Manager of the University Bookshop. Applicants should have had experience in a publishing firm or a large bookshop or in both. Knowledge of the book trade generally an advantage. Appointment for three years initially with possibility of renewal for two further years. Salary according to qualifications and experience within the range £1,100 to £1,800; gratuity £150 per annum. Family allowance of £100 p.a. for each child (maximum £500). Outfit allowance £60; passages for appointee, his wife and children (maximum five children), on first appointment, annual leave and on proper completion of appointment. Part furnished quarters at rent not exceeding 7.5 per cent of salary. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees, to be received before May 15, 1956, by the Assistant Registrar (London), 29 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1, or the Registrar, University College, Achimota, Gold Coast, from either of whom further particulars may be obtained.

SHROPSHIRE. Shotton Hall School, Harmer Hill, for handicapped boys, requires graduate master, pref. English and History. Interested in games, crafts, country life. Burnham scale. Married accommodation available. Apply with details to Principal.

SENIOR Girl required to assist another in organising London Office Sales and settling manufacturing queries by teleprinter. Must be competent typist and able to handle customers on telephone. This position would suit a keen energetic girl who wishes to make a career on executive level. Commencing salary £9 per week for 6 months probationary period, and opportunity to earn substantially more if acceptable. Box 3975.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ONE Teacher-Directrice and One Teacher, International Nursery School, Geneva. Candidates sought for two posts vacant 1956-57 school year. Education: Teaching degree and advanced specialised training and qualifications in nursery school education. Experience: At least 3 years' teaching pre-school age children, including responsibility for related parent activities. Contract: One year subject to renewal at 9,000 Swiss francs per annum for the Teacher-Directrice and 6,000 Swiss francs per annum for the Teacher, plus noon meal. Travel expenses paid to Geneva from residence in Europe or European port of entry. Submit curriculum vitae giving details education and experience to: United Nations Nursery School, 1 Avenue de la Paix, Geneva.

NATIONAL Health Service. Training posts in Hospital Administration. The Minister of Health and the Secretary of State for Scotland invite applications for sixteen training posts in hospital administration. Successful applicants will hold these posts for a maximum of three years, beginning in September, 1956, and will be given practical experience of all branches of hospital administration, together with courses of instruction at the University of Manchester or at the Hospital Administrative Staff College of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London. A short list of applicants will be called for interview by a Selection Committee. Applicants should be not more than 30 years of age at September 1, 1956, but the Selection Committee has discretion to accept applicants up to 35 years. If already employed in the hospital service they should either (i) be a graduate of a British university; or (ii) be the holder of a professional qualification acceptable to the Selection Committee; or (iii) have had at least three years' experience in the hospital service on September 1, 1956, and to have passed at least the intermediate examination for a professional qualification. If not employed in the hospital service they should either (i) be, in September, 1956, a graduate of a British university; or (ii) be, in September, 1956, the holder of a professional qualification acceptable to the Selection Committee. Applications will be considered from students who are due to take their final examinations in 1956. The salary during the training period begins at £540 (plus a small addition in the London area) with an increment of £20 in the second and third years. Applicants already in the hospital service will retain their present salary scale if higher than this. The cost of fees and other expenses during training will be met in addition. Further information and application forms can be obtained from University Appointments Boards or by writing to the Secretary, Department of Health for Scotland, St. Andrew's House, Edinburgh, 1, or to the Secretary, Ministry of Health, Savile Row, London, W.1. Applications should be completed and returned to the Secretary, Ministry of Health, not later than Wednesday, May 16, 1956.

MEYRICK Bennett Children's Centre. Under the Direction of the University of Natal, Durban, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of Child Psychotherapist, which is offered at a minimum inclusive salary of £600 per annum for one year in the first instance. In fixing the salary, qualifications, experience and travelling costs will be taken into account. Applicants should have training and experience in Child Psychotherapy, Play therapy and Child Guidance procedures. Analytical experience will be a recommendation. The post involves working with team of Psychologist, Psychiatric Social Worker with consultant Paediatric and Psychiatric services, on general Child Guidance problems. The Centre deals with people of all races in Durban, including African, Indian and Coloured families. The Child Psychotherapist will also be required to take part in the Clinical training of students of the interested departments of the University of Natal (Psychology, Social Work, Medicine). Research opportunities will be available. Applications should include personal details of age, marital status; should include testimonials and references; and should indicate the earliest date at which the applicant can assume duty in Durban. Applications should reach the Secretary, Meyrick Bennett Children's Centre, 191, Chelmsford Road, Durban, South Africa, before May 21, 1956.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for appointment in October, 1956, to an Assistant Lectureship in Sociology. Salary scale £600×£50—£700 per annum, with superannuation benefits and family allowances. In assessing the starting salary due consideration will be given to age and experience. Applications, with the names of three referees, should be received not later than May 16, 1956, by the Secretary, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., London, W.C.2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

SURREY Education Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for appointment as Assistant Youth Employment Officer at Redhill and Oxted. Salary Grade A.P.T.1. £530×£20—£160 p.a. Applicants should have had experience of Youth Employment work. A university degree or diploma and experience in commerce or industry are desirable. Full particulars and form of application obtainable on receipt of s.a.e. from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames, and shd. be returned not later than May 4, 1956.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

APPLICATIONS are invited from University graduates or those holding other suitable qualifications for the appointment of Assistant Secretary of the Women Public Health Officers' Association (registered as a Trade Union). Secretarial and administrative experience required; experience of committee work and public speaking desirable. Salary £500 rising to £600. Apply within 10 days sending full particulars to the General Secretary, W.P.H.O.A., 36 Eccleston Square, S.W.1.

WORKERS' Educational Association. Yorkshire District (South). Applications are invited for the post of organizing-tutor in North-East Derbyshire. Applicants should be graduates with a degree in history or the social sciences. Salary scale £550×£25—£900. Closing date 21 days after the appearance of this advertisement. Application forms and further details from District Secretary, W.E.A., 26 Campo Lane, Sheffield, 1.

LONDON County Council, Kynaston School, Finchley Rd., N.W.8. Headmaster T. G. Jones, B.A. Applications invited from well qualified and experienced masters with strong interest in choral singing for post of responsibility for planning music teaching throughout school (allowance £100). This new school of 810 boys (sixth form entry), opening in September, is intended to work in close association on a voluntary basis with a voluntary controlled grammar school. Application forms EO/TS10 (SR) from Education Officer (EO/TS2), County Hall, S.E.1 (s.a.e. foolscap), and returnable to Headmaster at Kemble School, Amberley Rd., W.9. Appointment will be to Council's service with assignment to the school. (671.)

HOUSEMASTER (single accommodation or small flat for married couple) required at Ardale (senior) Approved School, Stifford, nr. Grays, Essex, to take charge of house for 44 boys aged 15-17 yrs. Ability to supervise leisure activities, hobbies, recreation, etc., essential, previous experience desirable. Salary within scale £486 9s. to £803 14s., less a charge for board, lodging and laundry. Eight weeks' annual leave. Details and application form from Children's Officer (CH/G1/658), County Hall, London, S.E.1.

CIVIL Service Commission. Special Department Classes (H.M. Inspector of Taxes; Cadet Grade, Ministry of Labour and National Service; Probationary Assistant Postal Controllers in the Post Office; Grade III Officers, Ministry of Defence). Method I. Statistician Class (Home Civil Service). The closing date for the receipt of completed application forms has been extended to May 31, 1956. Age: At least 20½ and under 24 on August 1, 1956, with extension for Forces service and, for Statistician Class only, up to three years for approved post-graduate experience. For particulars and application forms write (preferably by postcard) to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 17-20/56 (for Special Departmental Classes), No. 21/56 (for Statistician Class).

THE Social Work of the Courts. The Probation Service. Training is provided for men and women over 21. Candidates under 30 without University qualification in social studies normally attend University Course as part of training; shorter training, about a year, available for those over 30 with practical experience in social work. Allowances payable during training. Details and application forms from Sec., Probation Advisory & Training Board (IF), Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.1.

CITY of Birmingham. Public Health Department. Social Worker. Applications are invited for the above post in the Psychiatric Social Service of the Department. Salary scale APT II, £615—£695 by annual increments of £20. Applicants must possess a degree in Social Science or its equivalent and possession of a Mental Health certificate would be an advantage. This is an extremely active and lively Department and for anyone interested in working in the community there are great possibilities. The work at present includes work with one of the City Mental Hospitals, after-care and community care and work with problem families. Further particulars from the Medical Officer of Health, Public Health Department, Birmingham.

SURREY Education Committee Youth Service. Applications are invited from qualified men or women for the post of Full-time Club Leader as under: Carshalton—Glastonbury Youth Club. Mixed Youth Club catering primarily for boys and girls of 15 to 20 years of age. A recognised Diploma or Certificate of Training, together with practical experience in Mixed Youth Club work is essential. Salary-Men: £460×£25—£640; Women: £425×£25—£590 p.a. (plus equal pay increments). Plus London Weighting, where applicable. Application form and further particulars obtainable on receipt of S.A.E. from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, to be retnd. within 14 days of this advertisement.

A. W. BAIN & Sons, Ltd., invite applications for the position of Representative. Applicants must have had a thorough theoretical and practical insurance training, and possess adequate personality. Age about 30. Excel. conditions of employment, remuneration and future prospects. Chief Accountant, Post Office House, Infirmary St., Leeds, 1.

YOUNG woman, good dress sense, wanted as part-time agent Ceramic Jewellery, London. Alan Thornhill, Hawkley Pottery, Stroud, Glos.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE National Spastics Society, Irton Hall Residential School for Spastics, Holmrook, Cumberland. Appointment of Head Teacher. Applications are invited from qualified teachers for this appointment. Irton Hall is a new school which will cater for about 45 spastic children of 5 to 16 years, who are reputed to be of below average intelligence. This is interesting and experimental work in a new field. The Society is looking for a head teacher of personality and imagination, with a strong feeling for primary school work, and interested in the problems of children with a double handicap. Salary: Burnham Scale for special school work with free residential emoluments. Applications (no forms), giving details of addresses of three referees as to character and experience, to be sent immediately to the General Secretary, National Spastics Society, 28 Fitzroy Square, W.1.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Appointment of Children's Visitors. Applications are invited from suitably qualified candidates for posts as Children's Visitors, on the salary scale Grade A.P.T. II, at present £615-£695, which includes a temporary excess rate of £20 per annum. Consideration will be given to students who are completing their courses at the end of the present academic year. Further details of salary scales, duties, conditions of service, etc., may be obtained from Children's Officer, 102, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3. P.O. Box 93. Closing date: May 19, 1956.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE. Rendcomb College, near Cirencester. An Art Master is required for September. The post is half-time and resident (no vacant married quarters or lodgings). While a young man would be welcome, the post is perhaps particularly suited to an older man looking for light work or to a man recently retired. Salary £300-£350, plus residential emoluments during term. Apply to the Headmaster, enclosing two recent testimonials.

NIGERIA. Managing editor required for permanent position. Must be fully experienced, able journalist with highest references for responsible post, first class prospects. Salary £150 per month plus free accommodation and free transport. 15 months' tour and 3 months' paid leave. Apply: Ager, African & Colonial Press Agency, Ltd., 13 New Bridge St., E.C.4.

TRAINING in hospital administration. A small number of posts are available for training over three years in general and mental hospitals and with Regional Board in London area. Applicants, preferably under 25 years, to have educational standard not less than G.C.E. (O). Appointments can commence now or in near future. Salary varies with age—£345 p.a. inclusive for men at 22. Further particulars from the Secretary, North West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board, 11a Portland Place, W.1.

YOUNG Ladies, 18 to 40 years of age, who would like to take up nursing as a career, are invited to apply to Grove Park (Chest) Hospital, Lee, London, S.E.12. Student Nurses may take either 4 years' combined training in tuberculosis and general nursing for State Registration and the nursing certificate of the British Tuberculosis Association, or 2 years' training for B.T.A. Cert. only. Training allowances: 1st year £245, 2nd year £255, plus £60 on completion of 2 years' service. £113 p.a. is deducted for board and lodging if resident. Modern Nurses' Home; each student has her own room and comfortable sitting rooms are provided with radio and television. 48-hour week and 4 weeks' annual leave. Write to the Matron (mentioning this paper) for application form and further particulars.

SURREY County Council. Relief Assistant Housemothers (with or without experience) required for relief duties for children's homes in Surrey. Salary: £320 × £15—£365 + £32 p.a. Special Allowance less £108 p.a. emoluments. Application form and fuller details obtainable upon receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope from Children's Officer (H/JHP/289), County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

GUY'S Hospital, London Bridge, S.E.1. Almoner's Secretary required, interesting and varied Medical Social Work. Apply Head Almoner for further details.

FEATHERS Clubs Association. Youth club leaders full-time man and woman required with experience in mixed clubs and junior clubs. Salary £400-£450 each with pension scheme. Some accommodation available, not suitable for family. Apply to Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St., N.W.8

FULL-time trained club leader required for voluntary Mixed Youth Club. Ages 12-21. Salary equivalent Burnham Scale. Apply stating age, experience, present appointment, to Secretary, King George V Memorial Club, 10 Honywood Rd., Colchester, Essex.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required by London County Council for rehabilitation work with the families of boys at two of the Council's approved schools. The work will mainly involve visiting the boys' homes in London. Whitley Council salary scale for candidates holding approved qualifications; £495 (at age 27) × £15—£510 × £20—£550 × £25—£750 plus London weighting (£20 at 21, £30 at 26). Particulars and application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/691), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by May 7.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SPAIN. The Mangold Institute, largest English-teaching centre in Spain, requires for October, 1956, in Madrid and Valencia, teachers of English with working knowledge of Spanish. Apply: Apartado 839, Madrid.

EXPERIENCED personal secretary preferably with experience in Embassy urgently required for permanent job. Minimum Scale £12 for five days a week and other generous considerations. Apply Box 4061.

SWITZERLAND, France, Italy. Male courier guides with knowl. & lang. of country reqd. for holiday parties for season June to mid-Sept. Full details to Box 4136.

EDITORIAL Sec. (jun.) with gd. shorthand. English, accuracy & interest in current affairs, for monthly planning journal. State age, exp. & sal. reqd. Editor, Town & Country Planning, 28 King St., W.C.2.

SECRETARIAL Assistants. Economic Research Institute with pleasant Westminster office has vacancies for 2 Secretary/Shorthand Typists to work on research projects. Good educational background essential. Interesting posts. Three weeks' paid holiday p.a. plus a week at Christmas. One Saturday morning in 4 on duty. Non-contributory pension scheme. Applications invited, giving full particulars and salary required to Box 4081.

THE Bernhard Baron St. George's Jewish Settlement, Berners Street, London, E.1. Tel. ROYal 5526. Residential Boys' Club Leader required. Write or 'phone Warden for appointment stating age, experience, etc.

ADULT Male General Clerk required for general duties in Education Department of large organisation in Westminster. Knowledge of typing an advantage. Commencing salary £8 14s per week, rising to £9 14s per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 4157.

SENIOR Office Assistant (Female) required in the education department of a large co-operative society. Interesting work for person in sympathy with voluntary leisure-time education for adults and children. Good shorthand-typing. Superannuation scheme. Salary £500 p.a., plus bonus. Apply in writing, stating age and exp., to Education Secretary, Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

MEDICAL Secretary required for General Medical Department at The Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2. Candidates must be competent Shorthand Typists. Commencing salary within range £280 at age 18 to £384 per annum (or according to scale if already in Health Service). Lunch available. Applications to the Secretary, Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, London, E.2.

CAPABLE Typist/Clerk for Collet's Second-hand Bookshop. Send details to Collet's, 44-45, Museum St., W.C.1. Junior Assistant for Collet's London Bookshop. Apply in writing to 66, Charing X Road, W.1. Both vacancies subject to model T.U. Agreement on wages and conditions. Interesting work and useful experience.

SECRETARY/shorthand-typist required for Mathematics Dept. at University College, London (Gower St., W.C.1); age 25-35; experience in similar secretarial work essential; salary range £440-£595. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

BUSY artist-journalist wants ex-art student for secretarial and sketching help in return for tuition and pocket money. Typing an advantage. Box 4048.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-typist needed for responsible admin. work in Peckham Social work office. 5-day week. Sal. from £8, according to qualifications & exp. Box 4139.

PUBLISHERS req. exp'd. book-keeper/typist (m/f). No Sats. Please apply Sec., Phaidon Press, 5 Cromwell Place, S.W.7.

SECRETARY-shorthand-typist required (with head for figures) at residential school for maladjusted children. Arduous but interesting work. Six weeks holiday. £260 p.a. plus board lodging and laundry. Apply the Warden, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

EXPERIENCED shorthand/typist-secretary reqd. for Literary Agency. Interesting work. Good hours. Box 4169.

YOUNG Asst. Secretary reqd. for interesting cultural-educational work. Box 4100.

OFFICE Junior reqd., able to type, accurate at figures. Interesting work film distribution. 'Phone GER. 9392 for appointment.

JOURNALIST or Short Story Writer of sound experience can find interesting part-time work (at home) as correspondence school instructor. Write, giving full details (in confidence) to Box 4180.

INTERNATIONAL family (one boy, 9) want responsible residential help June-August. Light duties, some cooking. Other help kept. Most weekends free. £2 10s. weekly. PRI. 3288 after 6 p.m.

REQD. immed. resid. cook, used to numbers, boys schl., average 50, extra dur. summer hols. Child over 4 welc. Box 4078.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9060

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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FRENCH/Engl. lady shorthand-typist required by City firm. Good salary. 9.30-5.30, no Sats. Pleasant workg. conds. Social Club. Box 4145, or tel. MON. 9966, ext. 123.

EDUCATED women are offered posts with short hours as temporary typists and shorthand typists at good rates of pay. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2, and 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

ASSISTANT Cook required for St. Julians. Woman with child over 5 years accepted. Will train suitable person. Wages by agreement. St. Julians is flat community with restaurant and child care. Interview London or Kent. Apply in writing: Secretary, St. Julians, Sevenoaks, Kent.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMAN Ph.D. Econ. (Lond. U.), French German, journalistic ability, special knowledge of J. S. Mill & period, can type, seeks part-time post, research, teaching, translation, journalism. Box 4041.

CAPABLE woman seeks work, Sussex. Long experience including secretarial, literary, welfare, domestic, land. Excellent references. Any suggestions? Box 3950.

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RELIABLE man requires any kind of evening/weekend or night work. Box 3915.

FELLOWSHIPS AND STUDENTSHIPS

UNIVERSITY College of the West Indies. Applications are invited from graduates with established residence in one of the British Caribbean Colonies for the Geddes Grant Research Fellowship for original research related to the life and affairs of the Caribbean area. Value not less than £300 p.a., tenable 1 or 2 years. Applications stating qualifications and proposed work and naming three referees to be received by June 19, 1956, by Registrar, University College of the West Indies, Mona, Jamaica.

FELLOWSHIPS, etc.—continued

THE London School of Economics and Political Science. (University of London.) Applications are invited for the Webb Research Fellowship for research in one of the political, economic, administrative or social fields in which the Webbs were interested. The Fellowship, tenable for one year with a possible extension to two years, will be of value not exceeding £1,000 a year, according to qualifications and experience. Men and women will be eligible, without limit of age. Candidates need not be graduates of a university, but must be qualified to undertake advanced research in a selected subject. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Closing date for the receipt of applications, May 31, 1956.

UNIVERSITY of London. Metcalfe Studentship for Women. Applications are invited for the Metcalfe studentship for Women, which is of the value of £60* for one year. Candidates must be graduates of a University of the United Kingdom and must be prepared to undertake research at the London School of Economics on some social, economic or industrial problem to be approved by the University. Applicants who do not know the result of their Degree Examinations may make provisional application. Applications, on a prescribed form, must reach the Secretary to the Scholarships Committee, University of London, Senate House, London, W.C.1 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than May 24, 1956. * In certain circumstances the Ministry of Education may supplement the emoluments of this Studentship at their normal rates.

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RUSSIAN-speaking registered guide avail. conduct tours to Russia. Box 4049.

WOMAN, 3 children (7 & 5 yrs., 6 mths.) wishes stay month with progressive family (July—seaside if poss.). Box 4099.

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PERSONAL—continued

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YNG. man seeks seat car to Continent 2 wks. summer. Spks. Spanish. Box 3749.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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WHIT/SUMMER SCHOOLS—from p. 463

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE Education Committee, Knuston Hall County Adult Education Centre, near Irchester, Wellingborough, Northants. Whitsuntide Course, May 18-26, 1956. "Historic Houses and their Associations." This Course includes talks by well-known authorities on various aspects of the history of the English country house, and visits to some of the famous houses of the Midlands. The full course lasts for 9 days; those who are free for Whitsuntide week-end only will also be welcome. Fees, which include cost of expeditions: Resident, whole course, 9 days, 8gns. Weekend, Friday to Tuesday a.m., 4½gns. Friday, July 27-Tuesday, August 7, 1956, "Painting for Pleasure." A practical Course, to include painting in various media, modelling, carving, and block printing. There will be a group for beginners as well as for the more expert students. Optional expeditions to famous art collections will be arranged. Fees: Resident, whole course, 12 days, 8gns. First weekend, Friday to Sunday, £1 15s. 6d. Bank Holiday weekend, Friday to Tuesday, £3 2s. There will be an additional charge for expeditions. Saturday, August 25-Wednesday, September 4, 1956, "Exploring Midland England." This Course will be of special interest to visitors from other countries or from outside the Midland area. On almost every day there will be a guided visit to some place of interest. Fees, which include cost of expeditions: Resident, 7½gns. per week; 11gns. for full course. Further details, progrs. and application forms from Chief Education Officer, County Education Offices, Northampton, or from Warden, Knuston Hall, Irchester, Wellingborough, Northants (Tel. Rushden 2104).

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MISCELLANEOUS

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

HOW will the Labour Movement meet the challenge of the new balance in the world? R.P.D. describes "The Great Debate" in the May "Labour Monthly." Also Dr. Joseph Needham, F.R.S., on "Historical Materialism & the Ancient World," R. Page-Arnot "The General Strike, 1926," Judith Todd "We Choose Friendship," etc. Now out. Order 1s. 6d. from all newsagents or 9s. half-year postal subscription from Labour Monthly, NS 134 Ballards Lane, N.3.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

TH. Royal, Stratford. Mar. 5973. Marlowe's Edward II. Tu.-Fr. 7.45. St. 5.30, 8.30.

TAVISTOCK Repertory Company, Canonbury Place, N.1 (Can. 5111) presents "The Sulky Fire," by Jean-Jacques Bernard. Public performances on April 27, 28, May 3, 4, 5. Seats 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7.30 (ex. M.) St. Sn. 5, 8. "Comedy of Errors." Mems.

UNITY. Sartre's "Nekrassov." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.15. Mems. only. EUS. 5391.

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres.: Yehudi Menuhin). Music & Dances for Tagore Jayanti, May 3, 8 p.m., at Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Square, W.1. Reception to Yehudi Menuhin, and Concert of Indian Music, May 12, 4-6 p.m., at French Institute, S.W.7. Also Seminars and Classes. Further inf. re. mem'ship. (10s. p.a., Students 2s. 6d.) & other activities from Sec., A.M.C., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. Tel. FIN. 2934.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Ealing Comedy Season. Until Apr. 29: Passport to Pimlico (U). From Apr. 30: Kind Hearts and Coronets (A).

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY. 2345. Apr. 29, Citizen Kane (A), The Sniper (X).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Apr. 28. James Cagney, Mickey Rooney, Olivia de Havilland in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (U). Dir: Max Reinhardt. 1.45, 4, 6.15, 8.30. Open to public.

SUNDAY, April 29, at National Film Theatre, South Bank, S.E.1. "La Vie Commence Demain" (X) starring Jean Pierre Aumont. Also "Wild Stallion" (U) & "Nutcracker Suite" (U). Open 8.15. Comm. 8.30.

LEWISHAM Film Soc. HIT. 6581. Unitarian Hall, next Cent. Library. Apr. 28, 7.15. Adventures in Bokhara. Guests 3s.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat., April 28, 8-11. Dancing to Norman Jackson's Noveltones. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

MASKED Ball at the Finsbury Town Hall. Band, bar, City Ramblers Skiffle Group. Saturday, April 28, 7.30 p.m. Admission 4s. Organised London Youth Festival Committee.

THE Continental Club, 15 Baker St., W.1. holds Dances every Sat. and Sun. from 8 p.m., and has foreign language classes every Tues. from 8.15 p.m. Unique continental atmosphere. For partics. write Sec. or please call at Club.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sunday, April 29, at 3 Irmgard Seefried, soprano (at the piano: Erik Werba), Wolfgang Schneiderhan, violin, Carl Seemann, piano. Mozart Recital. (WATerloo 3191.)

WIGMORE Hall First of Four Mozart Bicentenary Chamber Music Concerts. Fri., May 4, at 7.30. Rubbra-Gruenberg-Pleeth Trio, Alexander Young, Helen Watts, Gordon Clinton, Margaret Field-Hyde, Anne Keynes, Eilidh McNab, Eileen Poulter, Rex Stephens. Tickets & full details from Box Office (WEL. 2141), Royal Festival Hall (WAT. 3191) & Agts.

MOZART in Paris (84th French Concert), Wigmore Hall, Sat., May 12, at 7.30. Works composed by Mozart in Paris (1763 & 1778). Yvonne Loriod, Annik Simon, Raymond Leppard and Wang Quartet. Tickets 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. Hall (WEL 2141).

PROBLEMS in Piano Playing. Three Lecture-Demonstrations by James Ching. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sats., May 5, 19, June 2, at 2.30. No tickets. Silver Coll. Mus. Benevolent Fund. Syllabus from James Ching, M.A., B.Mus. Oxon., 38a Hollycroft Ave., N.W.3 HAM. 8256.

KYNASTON Pianoforte School (Leschetizky method). Students Invitation Concert, Wimbledon Town Hall, Thursday, May 3, 7.30 p.m. Invitation programmes from: 21 Denmark Av., S.W.19. WIM. 0168.

HAMMERKLAVIER Sonata, Op. 106 (Beethoven), and four major Organ works (Bach and Mozart), at unique Keyboard Recital by Terence Gervais. Central Hall, Westminster, Fri., May 11, 7.30. Tkts. 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. from Hall or 54 Madeley Rd., W.5.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show dly. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. Christoforou, new paintings, 11 to 6 dly.

ZWEMMER, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Pntgs. & Engvs. Dolf Rieser. Ap. 10-May 1. 10-6.

LOOKING Forward: an Exhibition of realist pictures selected by John Berger. South London Art Gallery, Peckham Road, S.E.5. April 18-May 5. Week-days 1-8, Sunday 3-7, closed Friday. Free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Exhibn. of Brazilian Landscape and Garden Designs by Roberto Burle Marx. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sat 10-1. Adm. 6d.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies Street, W.1. Tibetan & Nepalese Art. Daily 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. First Exhibition in England of Sculpture by S. Brandon Kearl. Paintings by Bacon, Delvaux, Rebeyrolle, Sickert, etc.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open Wed., Thurs., Suns., April-Oct. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. Garden with Magnolias and Peacocks. 11-12.30, 2.0-6.0. 2s. 6d.

OPENS Tuesday. The Golden Key Exhibition of new designs in contemporary furniture, featuring "Monaco," an original design by David Kossoff. Tea Centre, Piccadilly (facing Plaza Cinema). Daily 10.30 a.m.-8 p.m. incl. Sats. until May 18. Adm. free. Viewing only.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Contemporary French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

PICCADILLY Gall. 16a Cork St., W.1. Pntgs. by Patrick Hayman. From May 1.

CAP d'Ail by Sir Winston Churchill. Unusual picture framing, open all day Sat. Hogarth Gallery, 16a Hogarth Pl., S.W.5. FRE. 3328.

COOLING Galleries, 92 New Bond St., W.1. Paintings—Mary Law, Constance Morton, A.R.C.A. Apr. 30-May 12. Free.

SLATTER, 30 Old Bond St. Exhbn. Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

NICOLAS de Staël 1914-55: a memorial exhibition, Whitechapel Art Gallery. Opens May 4. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Two Masters of Colour—Matthew Smith & Roderick O'Conor.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Russian Journey—Paintings by Kenneth Green. Until May 5.

THE Japanese Room designed by Yugi Kasajima for the international exhibition at Hälsingborg, Sweden, in 1955 will be shown in the "Modern Interiors" on the third floor at Woollands of Knightsbridge, S.W.1, from Monday, April 30 until Saturday, May 19.

JAPANESE Porcelain, an Exhibition organised by the Oriental Ceramic Society. Christian Rohlfs, an Arts Council Exhibition of paintings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes April 28, Fri., Sat. 10-6. Admission 1s. to both exhibitions

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. From May 17, The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon.-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. First London exhib. Paintings by Boussard: Pailès: Parker. Until May 5. Dly. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Hon. Lester Pearson will speak at Church House, Westminster, on Monday, April 30, at 6 p.m. "The Atlantic Community: a Partnership for Peace." Tickets, res. 5s., unres. free, from Sec., English-Speaking Union, 37 Charles Street, W.1.

SIR Hugh Casson speaks on his "Journey to Peking" (arr. by Finsbury Art Group: Chairman, Eric Newton). Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Finsbury Town Hall). Tues., May 1, 8.15. Non-members 1s. 6d.

SINGAPORE. Mr. David Marshall (Chief Minister and Leader of the Labour Front) and Mr. A. J. Champion, M.P. (Member of the Parliamentary Delegation to Malaya and Singapore, 1956). Public Meeting on Tuesday, May 15, at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Adm. 1s. Doors open 7 p.m. Tickets from Secretary, B.A.O.S.P., Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

ASPECTS of Yoga. Talks ev. Tues. 8 p.m. May 1: "The Philosophy." Chelsea Town Hall, S.W.3. Arr. Shanti Sadan.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on "The Second Sex," Conway Hall, Tues., May 1, 7.30 p.m.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Br., Fri., May 4, 8.30. Usharbudh Arya. "The Unity of Buddhism and the Hindu Religion." 62 Queen's Gdns, W.2, off Leinster Terrace.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY College, London. Professor Sir John E. Neale will give a Public Lecture entitled "Elizabethan History: a Retrospect" on Thursday, May 10, at 5.30 p.m. at the University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket. Reception at University College after lecture for old students and staff of History Dept. Tkts. 5s. from Sec., History Dept., U.C.L.

SHAW Society: Apl. 27: G. Handley-Taylor on "Shaw, Holtby & Feminism"; chair. Vera Brittain; May 11: Shaw-Morris mtg.: May 25: "Fougasse." Full details: 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

W. E. SWINTON, Ph.D., "Lamarck and Goethe; forerunners of Darwin." April 29, 11 a.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

"WOMEN & the Credit Squeeze." Meeting arr. by 6 Point Group, Caxton Hall, 7 p.m., May 3. Speakers: Mrs. Hemming, Natl. Inst. Economic & Social Research; Mrs. McKay, Chief Wom. Officer, T.U.C. Followed by Jill Craigie's film: "To Be A Woman." Silver collection.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PARk 7379. Fri., Apr. 27, 8 p.m. Baron Meyendorff, "Russian Peasantry." May 4, Club closed. (Orthodox Good Friday.)

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Meeting, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Wed., May 2, 6.30: "Buddhist Origins," Christmas Humphreys. Read "The Middle Way," 2s. 6d. quarterly. Information 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1, EUS. 7770. Buddha Jubilee Year 2500 begins 24.5.56.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, April 29, 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: "Is Science really against Religion?"

"CHINESE Science & Technology," by Professor J. D. Bernal. Chair.: Dr. Gordon Signy. Conway Hall, Friday, May 4, 7.30. Tkts. 1s. from B.C.F.A., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. TER. 2522, or at door.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. at 6 p.m. May 5, French Film: "Sous le Ciel de Paris."

LONDON Group Internat. Society for Socialist Studies. Intending members meet May 1, 7.30, Friends House, Euston.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: "That Which is Common," a course of two lectures on "The Concept of We (Supplementing that of I-Thou)," will be given by Dr. Martin Buber (Jerusalem) at 5.30 p.m. on May 7 and 10 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. The second lecture will be followed by a discussion. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

"THE Religious Life of Anglo-Jewry." Addresses at 3 Sunday Services, April 29, May 6 and 13, at 11 a.m. Preachers: Rabbi Leslie I. Edgar & Rev. Philip Cohen at Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's). All welc.

"THE Development of the Child in the Cold War Era." Conference, Saturday, May 5, 2.30-6 p.m. Royal Society of Health, 90 Buckingham Palace Rd., S.W.1. Speakers include: R. S. Fisher: "The Impact of War Preparations on the Educational System." Mrs. E. N. Jull: "The Influence of Teaching on the Development of Attitudes." Dr. Otto Shaw, J.P.: "Aggression & Delinquency." Admission free. Organised jointly by Med. Assn. Prevention of War and Teachers for Peace.

LONDON University & other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for General Certificate of Education (for Entrance Faculty requirements, or direct entry to Degree), Inter. & Final Exams. for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc. Econ., B.Sc. Soc., LL.B., & Diplomas, G.C.E. (all levels, all other Examining Bodies), Law. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

HUMANISATION of Work. London Conference Royal Hotel and Mary Ward Settlement. May 4 to 6. Detls. from Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

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